MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FOUR CENTS.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY
AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

CHAS. D. BRAGDON, Western Corresponding Editor.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the RURAL an eminently Reliable Guide on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. As a FAMILY JOURNAL it is eminently Instructive and Entertaining—being so conducted that it can be safely taken to the Hearts and Homes of people of intelligence, taste and discrimination. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other journal,—rendering it the most complete AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER in America.

AGRICULTURAL.

INQUIRIES AND NOTES.

Fall Plowing Clay Land.

EDS. RURAL NEW YORKER:—I have a piece of clay land, strong and rich, producing a heavy crop, if the plants once get a start, but it is so stiff that if the weather is unfavorable, and the ground dry and baked, it is sometimes impossible for tender plants to break the crust, and they therefore perish. It is also very unpleasant to work, and sometimes I think the more it is handled the worse it becomes. Would fall plowing be any advantage? It has been recommended, and I would like advice.—CLAY, *Niagara Co., N. Y.*, 1861.

A CLAY soil is much ameliorated by fall plowing, if it is done when the ground is in the proper condition. Plow when pretty dry, and leave it rough during the winter. The frosts will break and completely pulverize the toughest clods, and make the whole quite mellow. In the spring it should not be touched until dry, when it may be plowed again and harrowed before planting. Before doing this it would be well to give a good coating of long, unfermented manure. A dressing of ashes after harrowing would, in a measure, prevent baking of the surface. If a course similar to this is pursued for a few years, the character of the soil will be materially changed for the better. It is assumed, of course, that the soil is thoroughly drained; for unless this is the case, all attempts at improvement will be useless. An undrained clay soil will always be cold, late, and hard to work, no matter what may be done for its benefit in other respects.

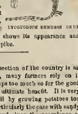
Weeds—What are They?

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Accompanying this you will find a plant, the name of which I would like to ascertain. It grows in pastures, and being creeping in some places, is quite troublesome. I would also like to know what are properly called weeds. Must a plant be hard to eradicate, or injurious to crops, to give it a claim to this reproachful name?—W. T., *Sodus, N. Y.*, 1861.

ANY plant that is not valuable either for use as food, clothing, or medicine, or for its beauty, is called a weed, as the term is popularly understood. But to the farmer and gardener everything is a weed that is out of place, or growing where it is not wanted, and where it is liable to do more hurt than good. Rye is a weed when growing among wheat, and often we see fields whitened with the flowers of buckwheat, growing from scattered seeds of the last crop; and these are nothing less than weeds in appearance and effect—invaders of the soil, and robbers of the legitimate crop.

One of the plants sent is *Lycopodium clavatum*, or Common Club Moss. It grows in open woods and rather shady pastures, and is quite common on the borders of Lake Ontario, and particularly so on the islands in the St. Lawrence River. It will not endure the bright sunlight, we judge from its habits, and therefore its eradication must be easy.

The other is a different variety of *Lycopodium—dendroideum*, or Tree Club Moss, and sometimes called Ground Pine. It is an elegant little plant, found growing some eight or ten inches in height, and found mostly in the woods. Our engraving shows its appearance and habit, and also a single spike.



LYCOPODIUM DENDROIDEUM.

The Potato Rot.

THE potato in this section of the country is an important crop; indeed, many farmers rely on it almost exclusively, perhaps too much so for the good of the soil and their own ultimate benefit. It is very easy to impoverish a soil by growing potatoes too frequently, and this is particularly the case with sandy ground, which of late, and since the prevalence of the rot, has been found to be the only soil to be relied upon for a crop of sound tubers. With a little stable manure every spring, and a dressing of leached ashes, the fertility may be kept up, though after two crops it is better to sow grain, and clover to be turned under. The importance and the uncertainty of the crop cause extensive growers to look with concern for the appearance of the rot, which may sweep away their anticipated profits. In this section we have seen no cause for alarm, though many fields have not a very promising appearance. From Genesee county we have received several gloomy letters, that speak of fields entirely destroyed, not worth the digging, &c. Not having an opportunity to observe for ourselves, we cannot say how just are these complaints, nor how general the evil, and therefore hope for the best. There may be exceptional cases—the result of improper treatment—such as planting in a heavy, damp soil, the free use of fresh manures—or of some other cause that will affect but few. We have known an outcry raised in a neighborhood by failure in one or two cases, where no other result should have been anticipated. We cannot say that this is so in the present instance, but we will hope for the best until we hear further.

WESTERN EDITORIAL NOTES.

WAYSIDE JOTTINGS.

AM now three miles west of Kenosha, or thereabouts. Here are good board fences along the road, and subdividing the farms. Here is a barley field—forty or fifty acres. Yonder a man cradling, and still further away a MANNY'S reaper in motion and three or four hands at work. Barley over-ripe—badly crinkled. Young man says it is better to grow some barley than all wheat. I believe him. He does not know what it is worth. Last year we sold at 68 cents—it yielded about 33 bushels per acre. Not quite as good as wheat, but this year the grain is heavier and straw lighter. The six-rowed barley is mostly grown—a little two-rowed is mixed with it. Boys are binding it. Smells like "before the machine" in a down east barley barn. I would never grow it because of any pleasure I took in working in it.

—I travel but a short distance south on the old stage road from Chicago to Milwaukee, and again turn west, leaving the ridge which divides the waters which flow into Lake Michigan and those which flow into the Mississippi. And here before me lies Pleasant Prairie!—stretching away to the North, West and South—a basin, dotted with groves clustering about homesteads, and checkered with the ripening harvests—a magnificent sight! Away, as far as the eye can see, is a fringe of green—a timber hill, which bounds it. We descend toward the bottom of the basin. The grain grows heavier and the farms larger.

—A flock of grasshoppers! I wrote the above twenty minutes back, and now I am in the midst of a flock of grasshoppers that fill the air, fly in my face, thump against my hat and—there! look at those green oats over the fence!—hardly an oat to be seen! The straw stands bare of its burthen! Even the May-weed by the roadside is being pruned by these industrious feeders.

—Bare pastures, innocent of tree or shade, and this August sun beating upon the unprotected cattle—not a shadow in which they may stand to stamp off the flies. When groves are so easily grown, this is inexcusable. It is unprofitable too! It pays as well to regard the comfort of the animal as to provide food.

—"Botheration," said a farmer we called upon. "Our crop is only half what it ought to be—the chinch bug, grasshoppers, and army worm will eat us out of house and home. The grasshoppers are eating up the oats and gnawing into the corn silks like the mischief."

—The farmers here, many of them, believe that they *cannot* grow fruit on the prairie; but that the soil of the timber belts is better adapted to fruit growing. They recognize the necessity of protection.

—"How much more a man can do now with such implements as this—standing beside a Buckeye mower—than he could ten years ago. I used to have three or four hands in the hay harvest, but this year my boy, twelve years old, and I, have harvested thirty tons of hay alone, in ten days, and done it easier than we could have done it without this implement and more help." And then, we thought, as we looked upon the complacent, smooth faced wife who, the husband said, was "a great hand to read," how much the women have cause to rejoice at any improvement that diminishes the number of hired hands and saves the labor of cooking. In the West this cooking for harvest help is an onerous tax upon the strength and endurance of women; and any method that can be adopted by which this burthen may be diminished, is worthy the attention of western farmers. The employment of tenants as hired men, providing men of families with homes and paying them a certain sum per year, they boarding themselves, is recommended. Men are more contented, and, having families to support, are more reliable than the adventurer with no incumbrances other than an extra hickory shirt and a pair of boots.

—Talking about the Buckeye Reaper and Mower, since writing the foregoing, I have seen it work. It is highly spoken of as a mower. I have only seen it at work as a reaper. Its cuts wide—wider than Manny's, I believe, and is too heavy work for a medium sized single team. Compared with the Manny reaper, it is much harder work to get the grain off from it, and it is not laid in so neat, trim gavels.

—I have traveled across lots, through woodland and over prairie, and I come upon a man raking Club and Fife wheat, mixed. It is in the "Openings," and he is at work in an orchard. He complains of all the bugs the world is heir to—at least of most of those which infest wheat. The orchard has but little fruit, and if one crop of small grain is equal to a fire, as some of my orchard friends assert, he is burning his trees up fast, and they certainly are going!

—On this low, level timber land, near the Des Plaines river, I find a fruit orchard, and have heard from the neighbors that the owner "takes great pains to grow fruit." I find him in the field, tell him that I want to talk fruit with him. He insists that "fruit is an up-hill business"—that the climate does not appear to be adapted to it—the wind blows it off or blasts it, or the winter kills the trees—in short, it is a doleful story he tells. He calls the White Doyenne and the Bartlett the best pears to plant for market, and had he a thousand trees to plant, he would select no other varieties. The Seckel he calls hardy and good here. His neighbors have Brown Beurre, and with them it proves hardy and productive. The Flemish Beauty always bears. The Louise Bonne de Jersey is hardy on Quince stock and very productive—had to build frames under his trees last year to support the fruit, but they bore to death. He neglected to thin them out. This year the most of his trees have the leaf blight.

"Apricots on plum stocks are hardy, and but for the curculio could be grown in any quantity." Then fence the pigs under the apricots and keep the fowls there too, and the "little Turk" will leave. But that costs labor and trouble, you know, and we find some of these Badger State men will not take the trouble to grow fruit. His plums are troubled in the same way—can grow any quantity of them but for the curculio. "The rabbits killed fifty pear trees last winter and winter before last for me." Yes, but cannot that be prevented? "Yes, take it in time, it *could* be done I '*spose*." Aye, *could* be done *take it in time!* That is the *way* to do things generally! It will be seen that this man who decrys this as a fruit country, acknowledges that *some kinds* of fruit do well here. He looked the writer straight in the eye and asserted with remarkable boldness and emphasis that the Roxbury Russett and Rhode Island Greening would not do at all here! This was a startling announcement, to be sure, to a man who had heard and read the assertion from long before he ever saw a prairie to this hour! Such orchardists would be wiser if they were to get away from home occasionally and talk with western orchardists more.

—To a Massachusetts woman.—Do you like living in the West better than in New England? The question seemed a painful one for the moment; and the mental balances seemed to require adjustment. Finally: "Yes, I do not know but I should have liked living here better, had we been as successful as we expected; but you know crops have been poor; and when they were good, prices were low, and we had got too much involved—purchased too much land and ran in debt for it. Although I like the West, yet if I could choose such a place as I would like, would rather spend my days in Massachusetts." But the good woman knows she cannot choose, and she is content where she is. But let me say to the eastern reader, who may some day desire to immigrate hither, that the great source of discontent is disappointment. Too many come here with too large expectations, and entirely too large ideas of their own importance and capacity to operate here; and before they know it they have spread themselves over so great a surface, that they are altogether *too thin* to resist misfortune. It is a great deal better to grow large by degrees—to limit or curb ambition for a time, until something is known of the road one is to travel; for no matter what may be said of the ease with which fortunes are made in the West, they rarely cling to men who have not made them by "hard knocks"—by industry and economy.

—Two miles and a half north of the State line, close to the Des Plaines river, I find Mr. H.—a well to do farmer with 320 acres of good land. He came here in 1835 and made his claim. He is from Connecticut—a lover of red cattle with white, handsome horns; for he remembers, when but a boy, that he attended a Fair at which he saw a large number of yokes of oxen—all red, trim and handsome—"not a white hair on them!" He has always liked red cattle since, hence prefers Devons or their grades. He breeds accordingly. Witness how profoundly early impressions mold our lives!

We go to see the sheep, he asserting that he is gradually going out of cattle and grain raising, and into sheep. His flock is composed of Spanish Merinoes and their grades—a healthy, good-looking flock, with some fine lambs among them. His pasture consists of fifty acres, on a portion of which are small groves of second growth oak and hickory, from which the under-brush has been cleared and the grass grows nicely. It ought to be divided into two parts, so as to afford a change of pasture; sheep do better—enough better to pay the trouble. Our friend said he knew it, but "hadn't time." I may be permitted to assert that *taking time* to do these things or hiring them done, pays quite as well as growing ten to fifteen bushels of wheat per acre and selling it at sixty or seventy cents. But I did thank Mr. H. for taking time to fix up and clean out that grove. It was "a big thing" done.

—Did you ever see a man who was not proud of, and prompt to show a good cellar, if he had one? I never did; and I never yet visited a farm where, if there was such a thing as a cistern, I was not informed of the number of barrels it would hold. It does men good to tell of such achievements, in detail; but it is a greater gratification to womankind to "have such things about the house."

—There are bark lice on the apple trees. The owner complains that he is about discouraged, yet he acknowledges he has not paid any attention to the orchard the past two years. It is seeded, and the grass grows in most cases "plumb up" to the bodies of the trees. They have received no culture, the old bark has not been scraped from them, and they have not made growth enough to shed it. It is a question with the writer whether in this case the lice are not the result rather than the cause of unhealthy trees. M. H. calls our attention to a few trees about the base of which he has placed a quantity of leached ashes and spent lime. Says they seem to be growing and making new wood rapidly. So they do, and the lice are still there. Wonder if they will not leave soon.

—Going south on the east side of the Des Plaines, I find some one has been hauling coarse manure on the meadow and spreading it. It is a good practice to do this on dry soils at this season of the year. It protects the roots of timothy and clover during the next two months. There are hundreds of stacks of straw in the country that could be employed in no better way than this. Yes, there is one other thing it is profitable to do with them—protect the young grass of the new seeding, by a light mulch of this straw as soon as the grain is off the ground or in shock. And if the drouth early in the season has destroyed the young plants, it is good practice, if the ground is in condition to seed, to re-sow with timothy or clover on the stubble, before putting on this mulch. This is the practice among some of the best farmers in some localities—among farmers noted for having good meadows and pastures. Now is the time to look after these items—as soon as the harvest is secured.

—I cross to the west side of the Des Plaines, and find a broken country timbered with burr oak. The soil is excellent, and crops generally good. The few fruit trees planted are bearing well, particularly where they are cultivated at all. Grain, grain, wheat and oats, cover the surface. There are few fields of corn, but little grass except on the marshy bottom lands, and the buzz and hum and click, click, of a score of reapers come to me on the heated August air. And it is hot!

—"Hi! Hello, Meester!" and we turn to see a tub of a Welsh woman waving her apron and beckoning to our agreeable self. When woman calls, we obey! and forthwith turn towards the front gate, which is nothing but a pair of bars.

Well, madam?

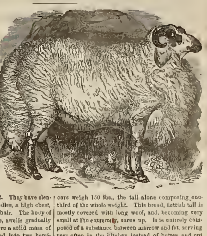
"Do ye want work?"

Nothing harder than traveling afoot such a day as to-day. Why, did *you* want help in the house?

"Nay, nay; but me mon has a new reaper and has na enough help to bind his crap. I did'n know but ye wanted work? Beg ye pardon; I see ye're a gintlemon!"—and away she went without allowing me to thank her for the compliment. But the woman had unconsciously given expression to a sentiment which seems to underlie the current of farm life, which is too plainly indicative of the respect too many farmers have for their business. She was provoked apparently that she had been so presumptious as to ask a *gentleman* if he wanted *work!* The more I think of it, the more I don't relish the compliment! There may have been a good deal of stinging sarcasm intended. Am half inclined to apply it in that way.

—Four or five miles from the line dividing Wisconsin and Illinois, in the latter State, I sit down in the shade of a red oak to advertise this locality; and this is done, because there is a class of immigrants that will be suited with no other, as I have had opportunity to learn in my travels. Here are big, red, sandstone "hard-heads" in any quantity, and of sizes to suit the most incorrigible lover of such ware. And here, too, are stumps and roots, and logs and "grubs," with a stiff clay soil and hard enough "hard-pan" beneath it—so that many an eastern man need not "break any associations" with friends of this character, in removing hither; indeed, the "custom of the country" is very like some parts of "down east." Ah! down the road yonder is a half wall of these stone with posts and two boards! And, as I live, yonder are two old-fashioned frame gates suspended from a 10 by 12 beam, one end of which is loaded with stone to make it balance! And yonder, out of doors, stands a lever cheese press, with a substantial hewed oak log for a base, and a long heavy lever bearing upon blocks which rest on the "follower" of the hoop, one end of said lever being fast, and the other end supporting a "five-pail kettle" full of stone!—a constant pressure being kept up. Again, there stands a grindstone, out of doors, but over it is a neatly-fitting board cover, to prevent it "hardening" in the sun. Things are picked up. There is literally nothing lying around loose. I believe the man is a Yankee, and am going in to see. As I pass the door to go to the barn where I see him at work, I look into the house, which has the air of a down east kitchen. Yes, sir, he is from Vermont!—has been here twenty-four years, but has not lost his early thrifty habits, although he says he has been here "long enough to become a pretty good Hoosier." "Train up a child in the way he should go," &c.; or, better still as a quotation here, "As the twig is bent the tree is inclined." But before I close the paragraph, let me call the attention of the RURAL reader, East or West, who lets his grindstone stand out of doors, to the Vermonter's contrivance for protecting his—a roof or frame-work of boards,

ASIATIC FAT-TAILED SHEEP.



IN our issue of the 24th ult. will be found an inquiry from a subscriber in Crawford county, Pa., for information in relation to the *Fat-Tailed Sheep*, their peculiarities, value, &c., and also a request for an engraving illustrating their form. After answering other inquiries, we promised to, "at some future period, turn our attention to the bearer of the 'oleaginous narrative.'" This promise we now purpose to redeem.

From the earliest days of which we have any reliable history, a race of sheep have existed in Asia, having a peculiar development of fat in the hinder part of the body. In the North and South of Asia in Palestine, and even in the Northern parts of Russia, a breed called *Fat-Rumped* is the most common and most ancient. They have slender legs in proportion to their bodies, a high chest, and tolerably fine wool mixed with hair. The body of the ram, and sometimes of the ewe, swells gradually with fat toward the posterior, where a solid mass of fat is formed on the rump, divided into two hemispheres, which take the form of the hips, with a little button of a tail in the middle. This breed often weighs 200 pounds, of which weight the soft oily fat alone constitutes from twenty to forty pounds.

The FAT-TAILED sheep is even more extensively diffused than the preceding; and it is by some supposed that the broad or fat-tailed sheep is merely a variety of the fat-rumped, the strange collection of adipose matter having only shifted its situation from the posterior part of the haunch to the tail, which may have been at first accidental, and perpetuated by accident or design.

DR. RUSSELL, in his history of Aleppo, gives the following account of it, as it appears in Syria:—"The dead weight of one of these sheep will amount to 50 or 60 lbs., of which the tail makes up 15 or 16 lbs.; but some of the largest that have been fattened with care weigh 150 lbs., the tail alone composing one-third of the whole weight. This broad, fattish tail is mostly covered with long wool, and, becoming very small at the extremity, turns up. It is entirely composed of a substance between marrow and fat, serving very often in the kitchen instead of butter, and cut into small pieces, makes an ingredient in various dishes."

DR. RUSSELL further remarks:—"Animals of this extraordinary size (150 lbs.) are, however, very rare, and kept up in yards, so as to be in little danger of hurting their tails from the bushes. The shepherds in several places in Syria fix a thin piece of board to the under part, which is not, like the rest, covered with wool, and to this board are sometimes added small wheels; whence, with a little exaggeration, we have the story of the Oriental sheep being under the necessity of carts to carry their tails. But the necessity of carriages for the tails of the African sheep, mentioned by Herodotus, Rudolphus, and others, is real. The tail of that animal when fat actually trails, not being tucked up like those of the Syrian sheep."

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which he sets on the frame which supports the stone when he is through using it.

— Have been puzzling my brain the past three days to discover the difference in appearance between the Club and Fife wheat as it stands ripe in the field. Have asked farmers to show me the difference, but have as yet found no one who could do so. It is easy to distinguish between these varieties, by shelling a head and comparing the kernels; and one man told me he could pick out the Fife wheat every time, about the time it is in bloom; it then shows a peculiar *blue* color which the Club does not. The Fife generally yields more, but the Club brings the better price. I find but few farmers who grow the Rio Grande; but the few who do, like it much better than either of the varieties named. It will bring more than either in the Chicago market.

— Have found, thus far, in my travels in Illinois and Wisconsin, but one small piece of Chinese Sugar Cane, and that was in McLean Co., Ill. I am reminded of the fact by discovering in a field a wooden mill with two vertical rollers. Mr. SPAFFORD, the owner, says he has grown the cane four years prior to the present, and has not, since harvesting the first crop, purchased a gallon of molasses or sirup. He thinks it a profitable crop, but failed to get ripe seed this year and has none growing. He strips and cuts his cane, and grinds it in this home-made mill as fast as it is cut; evaporates it in a sheet iron pan five inches deep, holding about a barrel. Boils it rapidly, and uses no other clarifier than a skimmer. Formerly used lime, but makes better sirup without it.

— Wheat and most other small grain crops stand in the fields here, generally, until they are threshed —stand in shocks. When it is a wet season great losses occur—especially if warm and wet. Some stack their grain, but if the weather is good it is a loss of labor. So far as I have observed, wheat is generally set up in "Dutch shocks," or a double row of sheaves. But here, as I leave the Oak Openings along the banks of the Des Plaines, and emerge on the prairie, I find large farms and a different practice in shocking, which I am assured is the common mode hereabouts. Six sheaves are set together, so, ⁝⁝ precisely in the form of a "Dutch shock," and ⁚⁚ then four more sheaves are added, two on each side of the shock, like this, :⁝: making the shock as nearly round as it can :⁝: be made. The tops of the sheaves are pressed together. A bundle is then taken by the farmer, the butt pressed against his breast, and with his hands underneath the head, it is doubled up and then laid on top the shock; another bundle is prepared in the same way and laid crosswise over the first bundle, the two forming, with but little adjustment, a straw roof which protects, especially when the straw is long, the shock from heavy rains, completely. Farmers with whom we have talked think it the best, indeed the only way to render wheat secure in the shock—the only practicable way.

— We are told that PROCTOR PUTNAM has a fine flock of Spanish sheep, and urged to go and see him —one of his neighbors saying at the same time, that "he is about as good a farmer as we have in the county." We find all that we have heard of his sheep, true. They are of the same family and from the same flock as ENOS FARRY's, heretofore spoken of—quite as good, and in general appearance and condition show better. The lambs were dropped earlier and are larger. The ewes are in better condition. Mr. PUTNAM herds about 100 sheep in a flock. Has barns with basements and sheds which may be kept open or closed, to which he shelters his flocks in winter. He keeps his sheep dry in winter, feeds good timothy, red top, and oats in the sheaf. He feeds six sheaves of oats per day to each hundred sheep, and regards it the best grain food that can be given them. He cuts his oats green, or when about half ripe. Feeds his sheep in racks, and keeps them clean. Has had no diseases among his flocks. Prefers to have his lambs dropped before the ewes are turned out in the spring, or late, after the feed gets good and the weather warm. He does not dip his sheep in any mixture at shearing time in order to kill the ticks, but has always, until this year, dipped the lambs in tobacco water. The present year he adopted the mode practiced and recommended by some of his neighbors, viz.—Takes a worn paint brush, dips it in linseed oil, and draws it along the back of the lamb from the head to the hip, filling the wool. The lambs alone are thus served, and allowed to run with the balance of the flock a few days after the shearing; the ticks soon leave the old sheep and appear on the lambs, when the oil destroys them. Such is the theory of this practice. The wool buyer may object to the *oily* operation; and the experienced shepherd may object to the theory and practice—if so, let them say why!

Mr. PUTNAM believes in sheep as a farm stock. He finds and has found that they pay. He does not think there are enough sheep in the country—neither enough attention paid to stock—to the handling and feeding cattle. He would recommend buying three year old steers in the fall, feed them well through the winter, keeping them in a thriving condition, give them good pasture in the spring, and put them in market in June. This we know to be good practice for this market, and there is usually money to be made by it. But the profit must of course depend on the relative price of grain and hay in the fall and the prospective price of beef. There are few years when a large profit may not be made.

I should have said that Mr. PUTNAM's flock sheared 5 14-16 pounds per head last year. This year he has not weighed the wool, but thinks, from the weight of a few samples, it will average more per head. Before shearing he selected twenty-five of his poorest ewes and their lambs, putting them in a field by themselves. After shearing he sold them at $2 per head, lambs and all—25 ewes and 26 lambs. Sheep sell better for stock than for mutton—they are worth more to keep them to sell for the latter purpose.

A CHEAP MANURE.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I do not know as I ought to have a hearing in the columns of your valuable paper, as I am not among the many thousands of its subscribers; but as I have the privilege of perusing it, and find it to be all that you advertise, you may count me as one for the coming year.

As the object of your paper is to get and give such information as will benefit the public, I would like to relate my experience in one branch of farming. As I am an old-fashioned farmer, I still follow the old plan of manuring corn in the hill, and always having as good crops as my neighbors, I have felt very well satisfied. I always plow under what manure I make on my farm, and buy enough of the different fertilizers to manure in the hill. Having tried some of the different kinds offered to the public, I wish to give my opinion as to which is the cheapest and best. Planting, as I do, from 15 to 20 acres of corn each year, I have made it an object to ascertain which of the different fertilizers is the cheapest and best for me to use. Having ascertained, to the best of my ability, I prefer the American Compost Fertilizer to any that I have tried; this being a new kind of manure, is the cheapest and best adapted to different crops. I have used one hundred lbs. to the acre for corn in the hill, and have had better corn than when I have used poudrette, superphosphate of lime, and other fertilizers. As I am confident that it is the cheapest and best, I use no other kind. Last spring, instead of paying out fifty dollars, as I had formerly done, I bought one ton of the American Compost, for which I paid twenty-five dollars; and feeling satisfied that I shall have better corn than when I used different fertilizers, induces me to inform your readers of my experience. I have seen this manure tried upon a field of strawberries, and I would say to those that cultivate this delicious fruit, they would do well to try it. A FARMER.

Mattituck, Suffolk Co., Long Island, N. Y., 1861.

REMARKS.—The above appears a little like attempting to grind an ax, on our grindstone, for the benefit of the manufacturer of a particular fertilizer. The writer offers his "opinion" freely, but gives no figures as to results. Why not state the comparative advantage, as ascertained by experiment, of the "Compost" over other fertilizers? Again, if our correspondent is an "old-fashioned farmer," and still practices ancient ways, it is strange he should use "a new kind of manure." The fact is, such statements as the above are, in plain English, *all gammon*—or at least most unsatisfactory. No sensible farmer would purchase a fertilizer on such unreliable testimony—an opinion which *we* volunteer at the risk of losing a subscriber in expectancy.—ED.

The Bee-Keeper.

Italian Queens in Common Hives.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In answer to many inquiries as to whether a stock of common bees, occupying a box hive, can be successfully Italianized without first transferring them to movable frames, I will answer that they can. There are several ways of doing this, but the *best method* I will proceed to give. Take your box hive early in the morning, before many bees have left for the fields, and blow under it a whiff of smoke from punk, burning rags, or tobacco,—only a little,—just enough to *drive up* among the combs any that may be clustered about the entrance and on the bottom board; now carefully turn the hive bottom up, and place on its open end a box to receive the bees, prepared to fit it, and about the capacity of the hive; tack a couple of slats on each side to hold the faces of the two together, carefully corking every crevice, so that no bee shall escape. Now *drive out the swarm*, by lightly rapping on the top—now bottom—of the hive, gradually following up as the bees are observed moving upwards, which will be known by their *humming*, on putting the ear to the side of the hive. When all are pretty well up—which will be in from fifteen to thirty minutes,—*remove* the top box, carefully covering the now almost empty hive with a sheet, or other covering, to keep out robbers. Now take the box containing the bees and turn it down beside an empty box, placed after the manner of hiving a swarm of bees, and with a spoon or ladle, *search for the queen*. As the bees are thus passing from one box to the other, the queen will be readily found, if not the first time, change boxes and try it over again. When found, destroy her, and having the *Italian stranger* ready, drop her down among the bees. None will molest her, for the same reason that none will offer any resistance to the operator—because they are now *all filled with honey to their utmost capacity*. And even had you placed *a dozen queens* among them, *the bees* would not *immediately* molest them.

As soon as the queen is safely among them, return the hive to its original position and tolle the bees into it, or near its entrance, and they will soon go up, thus effecting a *change of queens without loss of time*. Of course, substantially the same method can be practiced with equal success on any hive. I have somewhat extensively practiced this mode of transfer, of late, and can confidently recommend it in preference to any other. MARTIN METCALF.

Grand Rapids, Mich., Sept. 4, 1861.

Apiaries and Hives.

THE best position for an apiary is one fronting the south-east. It should be so placed that the flight of the bees is not obstructed; though this is not absolutely necessary, as they will always manage to find their hives. It is better to locate an apiary in a valley than on high ground, that when the bees are returning heavily laden they may be saved from a toilsome upward flight. Yet they may properly be placed in the upper story or even in the roof of a house situated in the valley; because the bees, when returning, rise high enough in the air to *clear* any trees or other high objects in their course, and descend only when they arrive in the immediate neighborhood of their hives. But it is not proper thus to place stocks intended for natural swarming; because the swarms are then apt to alight in places difficult of access, and are also more prone to make their escape to the woods. I have, however, often placed swarms, after hiving, in a garret, and they labored there with remarkable industry.—*Gundelach.*

Singular Fact.

ON the 12th of November, 1855, Mr. F. A. Herling, of Weissenfels, passed a strip of woodland, where wood choppers were at work clearing off the timber. Some of them had just felled a huge hollow oak tree, in which bees had taken up their abode. They were engaged in securing the honey when Mr. H. reached the scene, and consented to let him have the bees, which he collected, placed in a rude box, and carried home. He then transferred them to a movable comb hive containing five frames with empty combs, and one with sealed honey. On opening the hive next morning to ascertain whether the queen was safe, he found the five combs also well supplied with honey, doubtless deposited by the bees, who had gorged themselves with their own stores when their old domicile was so rudely demolished, and thus carried off a supply nearly sufficient to last them through the ensuing winter.—*Bee Journal.*

To Strain Honey.

BEES make no honey late in the season, therefore take it away early. Select, and mash by hand, and strain through a sieve. In warm weather it will nearly all drain through in a few days, and the honey thus passed will be pure and perfect, and will candy in cold weather. If it is desirable to prevent candying, keep it warm. What remains in the combs may be washed out with a small quantity of water, and may be boiled and skimmed, and answers the same purpose in culinary matters as the best. The silly practice of heating and straining through cloth always spoils the honey. O. T. HOBBS.

Randolph, Pa., 1861.

Transferring Bees from Box Hives.

BEING a subscriber to your valuable RURAL, and knowing it to be open for question, I venture to ask one. I have a colony of bees in an old-fashioned box hive with doors in the top. The hive is filled down to the bottom with comb, which has become wormy. What shall I do with them? Should they be driven into a new hive? If so, at what time and how?—E. K. TERRY, *Norwich, Chenango Co., N. Y.*, 1861.

THE Baron of Berlepsch has had colonies in his apiary which increased eleven pounds in weight in one day. Mr. Kader, of Mayence, had one which increased twenty-one pounds, and the Rev. Mr. Stein, of the same place, one which increased twenty-eight pounds in a day.—*Bee Journal.*

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Eating off Clover in the Fall.

THE *Canadian Agriculturist* well observes:—"Irreparable injury is sometimes done to meadows and clover lands by hard stocking late in the fall or early in the spring. Sheep, in particular, by eating close, often seriously injure the crown of the clover plant, and thereby either kill it or greatly injure its after growth."

Barley for Fattening Hogs.

THE Maine *Farmer* publishes a communication from a correspondent at Rockland, in regard to the relative value of corn and barley for the purpose of fattening hogs. We give the following paragraph from his letter:—"From what experience I have had, a hundred pounds of barley is worth as much as a hundred pounds of corn; but it must be clean barley, not half oats, as barley generally is as raised by many of our farmers. I think barley better adapted to fattening hogs than any other grain I ever gave them, as it seems to make them quiet and sleepy, and this hogs require in order to fatten well."

Clearing Land of Stone.

SPEAKING of the ill effect of the entire removal of stone from some soils, O. W. TRUE, in the *New England Farmer*, says:—"There were but a few stones upon a moist loamy, rich soil, laying upon a gravel pan almost impenetrable to water, but when the loose ones and those that the plow came in contact with, were dug out, the soil seemed entirely changed. It was later in the spring, and the grass did not hold out but about half as long as before the stones were removed. Had it been underdrained, I am confident it would have been much improved, and instead of being a week later in seed-time, would have been a week earlier than originally." The removal of "the natural attractors of heat," and the loss of the mineral matters supplied by the wearing away of the stones, is his explanation of this difference.

The Fermentation of Milk.

ACCORDING to the experiments of Mr. Hoppe, milk contains its peculiar ferment ready formed, which is destroyed at the temperature of boiling water, but it is again formed by the action of atmospheric oxygen; and also that the fermentation, once begun, proceeds spontaneously, without the assistance of atmospheric oxygen. Hoppe's investigations further show that fresh milk, in contact with the air, takes up oxygen and gives off carbonic acid, and that the volume of this carbonic acid is larger than that of the oxygen absorbed. This change proceeds very rapidly at the common temperature, during the first twenty-four hours; and the milk left in contact with more than its own bulk of air, is able to take up within three or four days the whole of the oxygen of that quantity of air.

Price of Potatoes.

THE following table, carefully prepared for the *American Agriculturist* by Mr. Henry B. Walker, a large dealer of New York, will be found interesting and useful. The statistics have reference to the best potatoes at wholesale prices; it will be noticed that the price has fallen every year, with but one exception, since 1854.

Average Price per Bushel.

	1854.	1855	1856	1857	1858.	1859	1860
Jan.	$1 07	$1 22	$0 72	$0 97	$0 81	$0 93	$0 45
Feb.	1 18	1 25	0 72	1 03	1 00	0 58	0 58
March ..	1 12	1 25	0 80	1 00	0 86	0 95	0 64
April	1 60	1 43	0 66	1 35	0 77	0 83	0 55
May	1 44	1 25	0 60	1 41	0 58	0 68	0 60
June	1 50	1 34	0 60	1 25	0 55	0 70	0 59
July	1 00	1 00	1 00	0 62	0 61	0 47	0 63
Aug	1 50	0 63	0 69	0 84	0 61	0 49	0 52
Sept.	1 22	0 69	0 70	0 83	0 57	0 50	0 58
Oct.	1 00	0 69	0 75	0 83	0 54	0 65	0 46
Nov......	1 69	0 60	0 86	0 95	0 53	0 60	0 64
Dec.	1 02	0 65	0 94	0 95	0 55	0 45	0 63
Average .	$1 22	$1 01	$0 75	$1 00	$0 72	$0 59	$0 56

How to Manage Bones.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Journal of Agriculture* gives the following as his experience, every other year, for the past ten years; that being as often as he could collect bones enough to fill a tub:

With a sledge hammer break the bones into pieces of one, two or three inches; take a hogshead tub, put in two or three inches of hard wood ashes, the same depth of bones; then ashes and bones until full; pound or press solid as convenient; fill with water or urine, all that it will absorb. If done in the spring or summer, by the next spring it will shovel out fully decomposed, the bones being as soft as chalk.

Then add all your hen manure, shovel and rake it over once a week, for three or four weeks before planting time; by that time it will be finely powdered. Put about equal to a handful of compost into a hill, for corn, potatoes, squashes, melons, &c., when it will be found to forward the crops to a wonderful degree.

How to Clear Land of Brush.

OUR pastures are encroached upon by shrubs and trees of inferior growth, making nestling places for weeds, and shading much land which otherwise would produce grass. We prefer to use the brush hook and cut up everything, to lay the dry brush over the stubs and burn it. If sheep are kept on the lot afterward, they will feed down the young growth which starts from the roots, for the most part, and a scythe will keep under the remainder. A correspondent of the *Homestead* gives his views as follows:

"This is often a problem of much importance, and the solution of it is attended in some sections with much difficulty and expense. After cutting and burning the brush piled up in heaps, many think the best and perhaps the only mode of extermination is plowing and thorough tillage. This is an effectual remedy, and, where circumstances will admit, a good one. But there are many fields that cannot be treated in this manner. Either the occupant cannot sustain the requisite expense, or impediments to plowing stand in the way.

"In many sections there are large quantities of land now comparatively useless, that will, if the brush is destroyed, be valuable for grazing. Last year I tried burning the land over without cutting the brush, and have been so well pleased with the result that I wish to recommend the practice to others, and also draw out the experience and opinions of others. Now is the time, as soon as the ground is dry enough. The fire runs best in the middle of the day. From a single experience I have come to the conclusion that fire running over the land a few consecutive years, will run out the brush, and the land be benefited by the operation, especially if a top-dressing of gypsum or something else is applied afterward."

Hints on Building Stables.

THE *American Agriculturist* treats the subject in this wise:—"The recent improvements in American architecture have not reached the stable, to the extent that could be desired. Brown stone fronts, high ceilings, marble mantel-pieces, costly furnaces for warming and ventilating the dwelling, may please the eye and promote the health and comfort of the occupants, while the valuable horses of the proprietor are suffering from a poorly constructed and poorly ventilated stable.

The fault often lies in two directions. The stable may be too tight, or too open. A horse needs light, as well as air and suitable warmth and food,—the vegetable structure hardly needs light more than he does. Pure air is essential. His blood can not become purified while the air which inflates his lungs is full of foul gases from fermenting manures. Nor is it enough to keep the stable clean, if they are so tight that the horse is obliged to breathe his own breath over and over again. Digestion is interfered with, and all the functions of life are impeded. Lazy grooms declare that a close, warm stable, helps to make a horse's coat fine and glossy in winter as well as in summer. But in winter, such a coat is not to be desired. Nature provides the animal with longer hair and more of it, to defend him from the cold. If the horse is well groomed and blanketed, his hair will be smooth and glossy enough all the year round. The indolent groom ought himself to be shut up for twenty-four hours in the hot, steaming air in which he confines his master's horse, and see how he would like it. Open the doors of such a stable in the morning, where several horses are kept, and the hot air and the hartshorn are almost sufficient to knock a man down. What wonder, then, that horses so used should suffer from inflamed eyes, cough, glanders, and other ailments! The wonder is that they bear the abuse so long and so well.

Now, the "*improvement*" is simply this; *ventilate the stables*. Ventilate, both in winter and summer. The outer air should be brought in at certain places near the floor, but not in the immediate neighborhood of the horse, so as to cause hurtful drafts of wind immediately upon him. Impure air must be ejected, as well as pure air brought in. This can be done in summer very well by leaving several windows open in different parts of the barns. But a better way is to insert ventilators in the highest parts of the building, into which ventiducts, (square wooden tubes,) shall lead from the stalls, and which can be opened or closed at pleasure. These ventilators should be covered with a cap, to prevent downward currents and the beating in of rain. By this plan, the foul air is carried off directly from the stall without mixing with the hay in the loft."

Inquiries and Answers.

A JUMPING COLT.—I have a span of colts, one of which jumps. How can I fix him so that he will behave himself? I have put fetters on him, but do not like them. I should be glad if you, or some of your readers, would give me the best plan of keeping him where he belongs. I do not mean a lecture about "Prevention," &c., for that is too late.—T. I. P., *South Bristol, N. Y.*, 1861.

STRAW AS A FERTILIZER.—I would be very glad to obtain a little information in regard to the use of straw as a fertilizer. In this section of the country, there is a good deal of coarse straw, considered unfit for feeding. Now, the question is, what shall be done with this? Some say plow it under, but it seems to me that disposition of the thing is neither economical nor convenient. If you, or any of your numerous readers, can give any light on this subject, either theoretical or as the result of experience, through the columns of the RURAL, they will greatly oblige.—J. E. S., *Verona, N. Y.*

PRICKLY ASH FOR HEDGES.—Will you inform me as to the probable result of a hedge fence grown from Prickly Ash plants or seeds? The Prickly Ash is a very hardy bush, grows well almost any where, and cattle, horses, and all kinds of stock farmers wish to fence against, shun it. By cutting down when two years old, it will bush out very thick, making it almost impenetrable. If it will answer, a farm could be well fenced with it in five years.—H. E. O., *Lockport, N. Y.*, 1861.

Who has tried this plant for a hedge? Will not our friend test the matter?

SCRATCHES.—Not seeing any recipe for the disease known as the scratches in horses since I have taken the RURAL, it would benefit me some if you would give a remedy that can be relied upon, as I am somewhat of a dealer.—A SUBSCRIBER, *N. Y., September*, 1861.

We give several modes, either of which he can test to his own satisfaction.—In its early stages, diet, cleanliness, and ventilation, require the attention of the groom. When the heels are swollen and hot, apply a poultice of slippery elm (powdered) ½ pound, fine salt, 2 ounces. Mix with hot water, and when cool, spread a portion on cotton cloth and bind. *If the horse is fat*, a mild cathartic, consisting of aloes, 4 drachms; gentian, 2 drachms; ginger, 1 drachm—all powdered—may be administered. If, on the other hand, the horse be poor, use no medicine, but allow a generous diet. Prof. MORTON, of the Royal Veterinary College, recommends the following:—Equal parts of vinegar, linseed oil, and turpentine. Wash the heels with luke warm water and Castile soap, and, after wiping dry, apply the mixture.

JOHN JOHNSTON gave his manner of treatment in the RURAL for March, 1860, and we reproduce it. Mr J. says:—Take sugar of lead and hog's lard, and make a salve. Wash the legs of the horse clean, and when perfectly dry, rub in the salve. Keep the horse out the mud for a few days, using the salve occasionally, and it will soon effect a cure. It appears to me absurd to think of putting anything down the throat of a horse to cure scratches. * * * Before I got my yards made perfectly dry, I was greatly troubled with the scratches in the legs of my cattle, in soft weather, in fall or early winter. I have had a dozen or more at once, with swelled legs and scratches, a hot fever, and greatly lame. Washing and fomenting the legs with hot water, using the sugar of lead and lard salve, and keeping in a dry place, soon effected a cure. Wash off the mud from the horse's legs when he comes in the stable, never let it dry on, and a fig for scratches. Prevention is better than cure.

A Toledo, Ohio, correspondent of the RURAL says any person having a horse troubled with the scratches, will find, by taking a soft or fresh corn-cob, and using warm dish-water, or warm water and Castile soap, (I prefer the former,) and rubbing the affected part with the cob, dipping it frequently in the water, until he has the scruff all off and perfectly clean, then drying it with a cloth and applying the following salve, rubbing it well, that it will take but a few greasings until the horse is perfectly cured. With a case-knife, scrape from the outside of the iron pots used for cooking, the soot or black that is on them, and then mix tallow with it until it forms a good salve, or paste, and rub the scratches with it, after being cleansed, three or four times, or even six times, if necessary. The horse should be kept in the stable, or out of the mud, until he is cured, or nearly so.

Another correspondent, residing at Lockport, N. Y., possessed of what he claims is a simple preventive and cure, pass it. It is as follows.—When the horse comes in at night, his legs should be washed clean, and rubbed as dry as may be, then apply good vinegar, rubbing it well to the skin. Two applications a day are sufficient. I have always found it a sure preventive and a certain cure. If the legs have become cracked and sore, apply the vinegar freely, and add a piece of copperas, the size of a common hickory nut, to a quart of vinegar.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Brilliant Leaves of Gen G W H Nott.
Pratt's Cheap Boot and Shoe Store
Carpetings for Sale Cheap—Howe & Rogers.
Highland Nurseries—Cowles, Roberts & Co
Rochester Light Carriage Factory—J. Hugh McDonough.
Utica Union Nurseries—Heffron & Beet.
Cranberry Plants for Fall Planting—F. D. Chilson
Italian Queens for Sale—C. Wm. Rose.
A noted Farm for Sale—Silas Petten
Apple Seedlings—H. Bleckmar
Oporto Grape Vines for Sale—E. Ware Sylvester

Rural Notes and Items.

THE CORN CROP.—Contrary to the general expectation, the corn crop has thus far progressed finely, no "untimely frost" having checked its ripening. The weather of the past two or three weeks has been favorable to its growth and maturity, and the prospect is that a fair if not good crop will be obtained over a large extent of country. We think a great portion of the crop is already (Sept. 17) out of danger, and hence many who anticipated a failure are much encouraged by the prospect of escape and a profitable result—their success in "making a crop" of corn this season being as gratifying as it was unexpected. Though the maize may not be so abundant and cheap in this region as to permit its use (in the ear) as fuel—as is done in some parts of the West—we trust there will be sufficient for ordinary purposes, and congratulate farmers thereupon.

AMERICAN COMMISSIONERS TO THE WORLD'S FAIR.—President LINCOLN has appointed the following Commissioners to represent the interests of American exhibitors at the Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations, to be held in the city of London, September, 1862:—Wm. H. Seward, Secretary of State; Caleb B. Smith, Secretary of Interior, Edward Everett, of Massachusetts; Joseph Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution; B. P. Johnson, Secretary of New York State Ag. Society; Robert B. Minturn, of New York, J. Dawson Coleman, of Pennsylvania; John H. Klippart, of Ohio; Jas. E. Partridge, of Maryland; Rich. Wallach, Mayor of Washington; W. W. Seaton, of Washington; Joseph C. G. Kennedy, Superintendent of the Census Bureau.

The appointment of Col. JOHNSON on this important commission places "the right man in the right place," and will be hailed with pleasure by his numerous friends.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.—It is said that the great building for the World's Fair next year is nearly completed, (at South Kensington, England.) Of the thousands of columns, girders, brackets, and railings of cast iron, nearly one-fourth are already actually in their places. The remainder are being rapidly forwarded, and all are to be delivered on the ground before the 30th of September. In all, about 4,000 tuns of cast iron will be required. The columns are to be of unusual size and strength. They are in number 1,100, and if laid end to end, they would reach from South Kensington to the Crystal Palace at Norwood. Early in October the Picture Gallery will be all roofed in, so that the walls will have ample time to dry before the grand opening on the first of May next. By the 12th of February, the building will be completed, and formally handed over to the Royal Commissioners. After the 30th of this month, no further applications for space will be received by the Commissioners, no matter from what quarter they may come. England and the colonies alone have demanded more than five times the space of the entire building. One of the earliest applications for space was that of an inventor, who did not specify the nature of the articles he intended to exhibit, but required space in every class of the industrial sections to the amount of 72,000 *square feet!* One gentleman requests room in the Picture Gallery for the exhibition of a *poem!* The entire list of applications, it is said, would make one of the most amusing books ever printed. The committee of admission and rejection will have no very enviable labors to perform.

FAIRS NEXT WEEK—*Changes and Postponements.*—Some of the best Local Ag. Societies in this and other States hold their annual exhibitions next week. Among the County Fairs in this State (from Sept. 24 to 28) are those of Livingston, Wyoming, Orleans, Yates, Madison, St. Lawrence, Putnam, Fulton, Westchester, &c.,—and Town and Union in Aurora, Clockville, Dryden, Oxford, Seneca Falls, Trumansburg, Unadilla, &c. The Ontario Co. Fair has been postponed one week, and will take place Oct. 2d, 3d, and 4th. The Monroe and Chemung Co. Societies have resolved not to hold any exhibitions this year.

THE MICHIGAN STATE FAIR.—A circular from Mr. Secretary JOHNSTONE states that the preparations for this Exhibition (which takes place at Detroit, Sept. 24—27,) are on a scale which will render it equal in every department to any Fair that has ever been held in the State. From the applications for entries already made, the officers have reason to believe the show of articles and stock for competition will be larger than it was last year. There is also promise of a very large attendance, and we are assured that "every effort is being made to render this annual festival and gathering of the agricultural interests such an occasion as will be worthy of the Peninsular State." Competition is open to other States. Senator JOHNSON, of Tennessee, is to deliver the address. We trust our Michigan friends will have a most creditable and successful Exhibition, and shall endeavor to be present at least one day, in order to note the progress they are making.

THE PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION.—Great preparations are being made for the sixteenth annual Provincial Agricultural Exhibition of Upper Canada, which is to be held at London next week—from the 24th to the 27th inst. Documents received from the officers of the Association indicate that the arrangements are on an extensive scale, and that proper efforts are making to secure the attendance and competition of a large number of the best agriculturists and stock-breeders of the Province. The Exhibition ought to prove a success, and we trust it will. Our Canadian neighbors have made astonishing progress since the organization and first Show of the Association, in 1846, and should make a display demonstrating improvement in every department. We hope to see such an Exhibition at London as will cast former ones, how ever creditable, in the shade.

THE ILLINOIS STATE FAIR, held at Chicago last week, did not open very favorably in consequence of bad weather. Chicago papers report, however, that the weather was fine the middle and latter part of the week, and the attendance and receipts large. The Fair was to "hold over" a part or all of this week, we believe. An expected report from our Western Aid failed to reach us in time for this paper, but will probably appear in our next.

THE POTATO ROT IN CANADA WEST.—We have some reports of the appearance of the potato rot in Canada West, as well as in this region. The Perth *Courier* of the 15th ult., says that "it seems now to be beyond a doubt that the potato rot has made its appearance, and is likely to prove very destructive in this section of Canada. We are informed that, in some localities, entire fields are turning black, and there are very few patches but show indications of being affected. It is consequently impossible to tell at this stage of the disease what the extent of its ravages may be, but it is confidently stated that at least one third of the present year's crop will be destroyed. The season has been very wet, scarcely a day passing without rain, more or less, and the wet, cold weather may have had something to do with producing the re-appearance of the potato blight."

CROPS AT THE SOUTH IN DANGER.—A dispatch from Louisville, Ky., 16th inst., says that serious fears are entertained for the crops of the South. The rains of August are reported the heaviest and most general ever known, and very disastrous. The *Savannah Republican* claims fair rice crops, but admits that continuous rains have damaged it somewhat. The *Baton Rouge Advocate* says that the cotton crops of that vicinity are literally covered with the army worm, and that the fate of the crop will be sealed in a few days, for the rains and heavy atmosphere are favorable to the worms.

CORRECTION.—The article published in our last number, entitled "Discipline or Strength," should have been credited to the *Boston Cultivator*. Though we did not copy direct from the *B. C.*, (but from an exchange where the item was uncredited,) we make the correction on intimation from, and for the benefit of, our esteemed contemporary.

HORTICULTURAL.

THE FRUIT CROP.

The fruit crop in most sections of the country is unusually light. Of grapes we have but a few in Western New York, and in the vicinity of this city not one-tenth of our usual crop. A few varieties of pears are giving fair crops, such as Louise Bonne de Jersey and Seckel, and the old Virgalieu, in some cases, we see loaded with fruit unequalled in the palmiest days of this old favorite. But, most of the hundreds of varieties growing in this section are giving no fruit the present season, and the agricultural and horticultural exhibitions will miss our usual large collections.

The orchards are giving only half a crop of apples, but as far as we have observed they are unusually fine. They will no doubt bring a good price. Dealers are now endeavoring to contract for winter apples at from $1.25 to $1.50 per barrel, and autumn varieties are selling at from $1.25 to $2.00. As apples are scarce in all sections of the country, farmers would do well to be a little careful about contracting at a low figure. In another column we give present prices in the New York market.

* * *

STRAWBERRIES IN ENGLAND.

The Strawberry season, with the exception of the Alpines, is now over here. The strawberries that I recommend are much the same as last year's:

1. *Hautbois.*—The Black Hautbois, small, but the muskiest and richest of all strawberries, and Belle Bordelaise, the most certain and most accomplished of its race. I have had fine crops of the last under my south wall, in the center of the garden, and under the north wall, where the berries were by far the largest. The monstrous Hautbois, good, is not of such fine flavor and quality as the two former. They are all three easily growable and perfectly hardy, beautiful in foliage, and good.

2. *Pine-flavored.*—The Bicton White, and Brittany White Pine, slightly roseated, are good, ornamental, and interesting. The second is the firmest and highest in flavor, but the first is the best cropper. Mr. Nicholson's White Seedling, like the Bicton Pine, is good.

3. *Alpines.*—There is nothing better than the old white. The whites are, in all instances, larger and better, and better croppers, than the red. The red and white bush Alpines are good, and give no trouble. They must be raised occasionally fresh from seed, and the old stools must divided and fresh planted.

4. *Other Strawberries.*—I still recommend May Queen as first early, ripe here the 30th of May. A strawberry that is ripe, even two days before any other, must be valuable; because, as a beggar once told me, there is "no taste in nothing." Oscar, Wonderful, and Eugenie are the three best British novelties here on trial, and are worthy of a place, and I fancy will give satisfaction. The finest-flavored of all are the Queen, and her race, viz., Carolina, Superba, Rivers' Eliza, Myatt's Pine, (probably the Queen's parent,) Scarlet Pine, Magnum Bonum, Hendrie's Seedling, Nimrod, Rival Queen, (hardy, and very rich and handsome, but a fickle cropper,) Eliza Vilmorin, and La Chalonaise. To these add Filbert Pine, (not grown here,) and you have the selection of fine flavor and quality. For dependence there is nothing 'out,' of fine flavor, better (for me) than Rivers' Eliza. Wonderful, apparently the same as Sir Walter Scott, is a very excellent strawberry, hardy, great cropper, and of fine flavor. Ingram's Prince of Wales, Trollop's Victoria, are great favorites with me, and retain flavor in adverse weather. These two, Rivers' Eliza and Wonderful, are sure to winter well and crop heavily. If Wonderful is distinct from Sir Walter Scott, it is not far from the best novelty here.

Now, a word about Foreign Strawberries. My valued friend, Mr. Gloede, says we are bigoted and prejudiced against foreign strawberries. This does not apply to me; I judge of strawberries as I find them here. Permit me to say, that strawberries, which come from fine climates, require time to acclimatize, and should not be judged hastily. Moreover, the discrepancy between Foreign and English judgment arises from the differential powers of the sun. In France, I find that while they are burnt up I am drowned with wet, and lack sun. This, of course, will greatly affect the opinions formed of strawberries, and render the judgments diverse. I have great pleasure to speak now of a foreign strawberry, that is really good and valuable in every respect, and not inferior to the best English novelty here; indeed, I am not sure that it is not the best novelty here, viz., La Constante, (De Jonghe, Belgium.) It is a dwarf and stout hardy plant, the fruit is numerous and handsome, firm, juicy, and of fine refreshing flavor. Mr. Rivers, in a letter in reply to mine, speaking highly of it to him, says:—"I have been much interested in La Constante; it is so large, finely-shaped and colored, and with a nice, brisk, unobjectionable flavor. It is, out-and-out, the best market strawberry ever seen, being so firm." He also, together with Mr. Turner, speaks highly in every respect of the Crimson Queen, (English,) which I have not yet tried. With regard to La Chalonaise, (raised by Dr. Nicaise, in France,) Mr. Rivers says, "It is a large and very fine-flavored strawberry, almost as good as the Queen."

Let us hope, then, that with these admissions, we shall free ourselves from the charge of prejudice. La Reine, last year, (also raised by De Jonghe,) I thought a high flavored, heavy-cropping strawberry. I destroyed with guano my older plants, and the three fresh ones sent late in the fall have not cropped. From my recollections of last year, added to my experience this, I have no hesitation in saying, that these are two admirable foreign strawberries. Add to these the Black Hautbois, Belle Bordelaise, and White Brittany Pine, indorsed by me, and La Chalonaise and Eliza Vilmorin, both Queen-descended, respectively indorsed by Mr. Rivers and Mr. May, and we have "gained" from abroad seven good strawberries, besides the useful red and white bush Alpines.—*W. F. Radclyffe, in London Florist.*

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THE CARNATION AND PICOTEE.

In England the Carnation and Picotee are great favorites, particularly the Carnation. They are found in the collections of the most celebrated florists, in palace grounds, and in cottage gardens. Carnation Shows are held in all parts of the country, where large prizes are offered, and committees, composed of men of talent and renown, discuss the points of merit or imperfections in a Carnation with the same earnestness, and decide upon its merits with as much deliberation, as might be expected of them were the fate of nations depending upon their decision. To one fact we wish to call particular attention, and that is, that the best English Carnations are, or were some years ago, grown by cottagers, principally mechanics, who make this flower a specialty, or a hobby, and devote all their leisure moments to its careful cultivation and improvement. Thousands, we have no doubt, of the common people of England, have been saved from drunkenness and other vices by this love of flowers and the interest felt in their cultivation.

Perhaps we are partial to the Carnation, from the fact that we have grown it from our earliest recollection, and thus this beautiful flower has become associated in memory with the pleasant past; but in our opinion nothing excels it, if we except the acknowledged Queen of Flowers, the Rose. And yet, it is but little grown in this country, and good specimens are exceedingly rare. Our hot, dry summers are not favorable to the flower; but this we cannot consider a very serious objection, for even in England beds of Carnations are often provided with shade. It is unfortunately rather too tender for our winters, and yet seems to require but slight protection; and we cannot but think that if florists would give the attention to this flower that its merits deserve, the best mode of treatment would be soon learned, which we hope would be one neither troublesome nor expensive, and yet so effectual as to warrant its extensive cultivation. The *Picotee* is hardier and seems much better suited to our climate, though we seldom see any of the finer varieties. The Pink is still more hardy than the Picotee.

The Carnation was formerly divided into three distinct classes, viz.:—*Bizarres*, *Flakes*, and *Picotees*. *Bizarres* are distinguished by having two colors, and *Flakes* by having only one color, upon a white ground,—these classes being subdivided into pink, crimson, scarlet, and purple *Bizarres*, and purple, pink, scarlet, or rose *Flakes*. *Picotees* are now considered a distinct variety. They differ but little in form of flower from true Carnations, the distinction arising mainly from the peculiarity of *markings* in the flower; the color of a true *Picotee* is clear and distinct, and confined to the edge of the petals, and not running down in bars or streaks, as in the Carnation, and whether lightly or heavily marked, the color is regular and at an equal distance from the edge of the petal all around the flower, and the flower itself is rather fuller than that of the Carnation.

We give an engraving of a good Carnation as grown in England for exhibition, our cut being taken from a colored plate of a flower which took a first prize. It is called *Emperor*, and is a scarlet Bizarre. In our next we will give an engraving of a prize Picotee.

THE CARNATION—CHARACTERISTICS OF EXCELLENCE.

The stem should be tall, strong, and perfectly erect, not less than two feet in height, the calyx long, firm, and entire; the petals broad, smooth, and free from indenture on the edge. The outside petals should rise above the calyx and turn in a horizontal direction. The interior petals should gradually decrease in size toward the center of the flower, each row of petals being regularly disposed alike on every side, and imbricating each other. The colors, whether *Bizarre* or *Flake*, should be strong, brilliant, and distinct throughout. *Bizarres*, or such as contain two colors upon a white ground, are esteemed preferable to *Flakes*. The ground color should be a pure white, free from spots or tinge of any sort, the *Flakes* broad and bold, commencing at the extreme edge of the petal, and running through to the center of the flower, diminishing in breadth as they approach the center in the same ratio as the petal. The distribution of colors should be equal. In a *Flake*, not less than three divisions in each petal. In a *Bizarre*, not less than five. The form of the flower, when looked at from above, should be circular; and when viewed from the side, present a semi-globular appearance; the size of the flower not less than three inches in diameter, and should contain a sufficient number of petals to give it a bold but not too full appearance. Seventeen large, well shaped petals is the smallest number that a first rate flower should contain.

THE PICOTEE—CHARACTERISTICS OF EXCELLENCE.

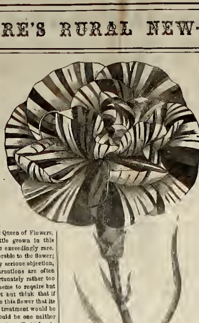
A first rate *Picotee* should present a full, round flower, with broad and well formed petals; the color, whatever it may be, confined to the edge of the petal, and the lower part of the petal of a pure white; the color regular, and at an equal distance from the edge of the petal all round the flower, each petal exhibiting the same regularity of coloring throughout.

THE PINK—CHARACTERISTICS OF EXCELLENCE.

The stem should be strong, erect, and not less than one foot in height; the calyx smaller and shorter than that of a Carnation; the petals large, broad, and substantial, the edges lightly fringed or serrated; the lighter or less perceptible the fringe the nearer perfection will the flower appear. The broadest end of the petals should be perfectly white and distinct from the eye, unless it be a laced pink; that is, ornamented by a continuation of the color of the eye around it; having a considerable proportion of white in the center perfectly free from tinge or spot of any kind. The eye should consist of a bright or dark rich crimson or purple, resembling velvet; the darker the color the handsomer will the flower appear, and the proportion of color should be about equal to that of the white. The form of the flower should be circular, and present the same profile as the Carnation. Its size not less than 2½ inches in diameter.

PROPAGATION BY SEED.

In early spring, prepare a bed in the garden three or four feet wide and any desired length, by digging deep, and incorporating thoroughly with the soil a sufficient quantity of well rotted dung and sharp sand, to render the whole perfectly light and friable. Then rake the bed smooth and scatter the seed broadcast or in rows, over the surface, (not too thick,) and press it all over lightly with the back of the rake. If the seed is sown any time during May, the plants will appear in a month, and as soon as the young plants commence growing, they must be watered occasionally and kept clear of weeds until they are strong enough to be removed to the nursery beds, which will be in the latter part of June. At this time a bed, similar to the seed bed, must be provided for them. Choose a dull, moist time for transplanting, and insert the plants in this bed, about four inches apart. Water lightly after transplanting, and continue to do so at intervals until the plants are thoroughly established and commence growing vigorously. If very thin in the seed bed, they may be allowed to remain, by keeping the ground mellow, or a portion only may be transplanted. Plants grown in this way are always more vigorous than those raised from either pipings or layers, but they rarely bloom the first season. They may occasionally throw up flower stems in the fall, but too late to form flowers, as they get nipped by the frost long before arriving at maturity. Early in October the plants must be removed to their final quarters. If they are to be transplanted into beds promiscuously with other plants, take out a sufficient quantity of earth where the plants are to be inserted, and fill in the spaces with the compost above mentioned for the seed bed, viz.:—Good garden soil, rotten manure, and sharp sand. Insert the plants in this, and give a sufficient quantity of water to settle the earth firmly around their roots. The better way, however, is to grow them in separate beds prepared expressly for them in the same manner as the seed bed, where they should be set about one foot apart. As the winter approaches, place a quantity of light brush over the beds, and in very severe weather place on this some straw or mats, which will protect the plants, one principal object of the brush being to prevent the snow from pressing too heavily on the covering and crushing down and smothering the plants. In spring the covering must be entirely removed and the earth loosened. Keep the beds clear of weeds, and when the flower stalks are sufficiently advanced, tie them carefully to sticks. In June they will commence flowering and continue to do so during June, July, and August.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PRIZE CARNATION.

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Horticultural Notes.

Is the Heath a Native Plant?—The recent discovery of a locality where the Scotch Heath (*Erica vulgaris*) has been found growing wild, has created quite an interest among botanists and cultivators generally. We have already, under our reports of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, alluded to the exhibition of a plant in full bloom, by Messrs. Hovey & Co., which was found by Mr. Dawson, one of their gardeners, growing in Tewksbury, Mass. The plant was apparently four or five years old, and in full bloom, presenting an ornamental aspect at once novel and beautiful. But it was not so much its beauty, and the peculiarities of its locality and growth, which mostly interested all who saw the plant. It has been supposed that the Heath was not a native of the United States, no botanist having recorded one, though Loudon, on the authority undoubtedly of Pursh, or some other botanist, states that it is indigenous to Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. Hence its discovery at this late period, in a position where it could seem scarcely possible for it to have been introduced accidentally, was a surprise to all.

Whether indigenous or introduced, is a question which most concerns botanists. Cultivators will look upon its discovery as a most important event, for it at once introduces an *entirely hardy* heath to our gardens, and henceforth it should be cultivated by all who would possess one of the most beautiful plants. Interspersed with rhododendrons, azaleas, and kalmias, which flourish in a peaty soil, the heath will add to the elegance of such groups, and render them gay at a season when the blooms of the former are gone, and their broad green foliage needs the embellishment of flowers.—*Hovey's Magazine.*

Grape Culture.—The uncertain maturity of grapes in this climate, especially in backward seasons, has induced me to endeavor, by practical experiment, if possible, to obviate the difficulty. To that end, besides good pruning in summer, about the roots of one vine and for three or four feet distant I have kept the ground well stirred, and frequently, during the present summer, half a foot deep, and the result is, that now (Sept. 12) I have grapes three on ripening rapidly and nearly ripe, and much in advance of my own and my neighbor's without the advantage of such culture. As I have no doubt this marked effect is the result of the treatment as stated, I give to others the benefit of my experience.—S. N. Holmes, *Syracuse, N. Y.*, 1861.

Prices of Fruit in New York.—The following, which we cut from the *World* of the 14th inst., shows the prices of fruit in the New York market:

Apples, choice packed	$ 2.00@$ 4.00
Apples, River, &c., per bbl	1 50@ 2.50
Bartlett Pears, per bbl	15 00@ 20 00
Virgalieu Pears, per bbl	8.00@ 10.00
Seckle Pears, per bbl	10 00@ 14 00
Cooking Pears, per bbl	2 00@ 3 00
Plums, per bush	4 00@ 5 00
Peaches, common, per basket	1 25@ 2 00
Peaches, Morris Whites	2.50@ 3.00

Ipomæa Learii.—One day, on descending to the base of a rocky cliff on one of those low hills, I found the ground for some distance in front of the cliff covered with that most beautiful climber Ipomæa Learii in full bloom. This was certainly the finest floral display made by any single plant I had yet seen, for not only was the ground, for some distance from the base of the cliff, studded with its large blue flowers, but the adjacent shrubbery and herbaceous vegetation was ornamented and festooned in like manner.—*Notes on the Plants of Peru, in Gardeners' Chronicle.*

The Horticulturist.—By the September number of the *Horticulturist* we learn that Peter B. Mead, favorably known as an amateur horticulturist, and editor of that journal for the few past years, and George E. Woodward, have become editors and proprietors. Mr. Woodward, for a year or so, has furnished valuable articles for the *Horticulturist* on Landscape Adornment. C. M. Saxton retains his position as publisher.

Randolph Pine Strawberry.—The Rural New-Yorker of July 20, after a long visit to Randolph, N. Y., comes to hand with the refreshing intelligence that W. R. Prince originated the Randolph Pine Strawberry! I sent you the *first* vines and jar of the first fruits of the Randolph Pine Strawberry, of which you gave notice, and a drawing of the fruit. Strange, indeed, that you should, at one "fell swoop," give W. R. Prince the benefit of my labor and advertising.—O. T. Hobbs, *Randolph, Pa.*, 1861.

We stand corrected. The Randolph Pine we fruited the past season from plants sent us by Mr. Hobbs. The variety left with us by Mr. Langworthy, and which originated with Mr. Prince, was the Ladies' Pine. The similarity of name, we presume, caused the error which was made in noticing specimens of fruit received.

Fruits Received.—From President Anderson, of the Rochester University, a beautiful, large fall apple, with a yellowish white skin and red cheek. It was obtained by Mr. Anderson, while on a trip to Portage, of Wheeler Bishop, of that place. It is new to us, and to all of our horticultural friends in Rochester. The original tree is said to be very peculiar in its habits, having flowers and small fruit upon it the whole growing season, even when the main crop is well matured. This habit is constant with the tree and with others grafted from it.

—From G. M. Cooper, of Williamson, Wayne Co., a bright red, oblong, sweet apple, about the size and form of Summer Pearmain. It is of excellent quality. It is new to us, and we could find no one among the pomologists here acquainted with it.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Horticultural Society.—This flourishing Society will hold its annual exhibition, on the 18th, 19th, and 20th of September, at the Academy of Music, in that city. Liberal premiums are offered for fruits, plants, and flowers, and they are open to all exhibitors, whether members of the Society or not.

Catalogues Received.—From Williams, Ramsden & Co., Dansville, N. Y., wholesale Catalogue of the Faulkner Nurseries, for autumn of 1861 and spring of 1862.

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Inquiries and Answers.

Black Hamburg Grape in Open Culture for Eighteen Years.—Hoping that the information hereby solicited may be thought of interest to others as well as myself, I venture to ask for the simplest and cheapest method of converting grape juice into wine. Many, like myself, who cultivate on a small scale, it strikes me, would be benefited by knowing how to dispose of an occasional surplus in that way, but who can ill afford to seek the necessary information from books.

What is the value of seedling grape vines? I ask with special reference to a unique specimen of the Black Hamburgh, a brief history of which is the following.—Some eighteen years ago, I bought, among other varieties then in vogue, a plant or two of the Black Hamburgh. Trained upon a high board fence, in due time it fruited satisfactorily, and continued to do so for a few seasons, when it mildewed and became worthless. Advised from various sources that like other exotics, its cultivation was generally given up, I threw it out, and had all but forgotten that it and I were ever in property relations. At the same time with the exotic, I had put down several plants of the Clinton. A vine, supposed to be one of these—carelessly supposed to be so from general resemblance, and from ripening about the same time—was last fall discovered to be a veritable Black Hamburgh. Of course it is now a large vine, and has long been out of the reach of cultivation in the neighboring tree-tops. It ripens long before most of my other varieties, even a week before the Clinton. And it ripens uniformly, every cluster and all the berries of every cluster. It did so last season, which was far enough from being the case with any other part of our little vintage.

Now, Mr. Editor, if the Black Hamburgh, as above assumed, has fallen into general disuse from liability to disease, will seedlings from this specimen of mine, now for many years a healthy, vigorous, unfailing, and full bearer, produce a sub-variety free from the defects of the common exotic, and possessing all the adaptation of a perfectly acclimated and indigenous grape? In a word—what is the *value* of the chances that the established, high character of this unique grape will represent itself in grapes raised from its seed? At the same time, as I am apprehensive of difficulty in dealing with *cuttings*, you would oblige me by a word on that point—the reference being only to the Hamburgh.

I need not add that an answer to the first question, to be in season, would need to be issued *soon*. If favored accordingly, I shall be additionally obliged as—A Subscriber, *Yates, N. Y.*, 1861.

The process of making wine is very simple. Bruise the berries and press out the juice, which should be put in a clean cask. If the grapes are not well ripened and rich in sugar, add a pound or so of sugar to the gallon. Fermentation will soon commence, and must be allowed to proceed until it has nearly subsided, the cask being kept full during the time, which may be done by a little juice reserved for the purpose, or water or sirup. Then bung up tight. Allow the wine to remain in the cask for several months, until well settled, when it may be drawn off carefully and bottled, or returned to the cask, after this vessel has been well cleansed. This is the way we have made fair wine, though we do not claim to be particularly skillful at the business. Experience will soon teach any one who may try how it can best be done.

You may or you may not succeed in obtaining a good, hardy grape from the seed of the vine which you believe to be Black Hamburgh. There seems, however, very little inducement to make the attempt, for you already have a vine which bears fruit like the Black Hamburgh, otherwise it would not be thought to be that variety by any one acquainted with foreign grapes. It also has been an unfailing and abundant bearer for many years, and perfectly vigorous and healthy. Presuming that the statements regarding it are correct, it would appear that you have a chance seedling, or, at least, a grape of great value, and you should increase it by cuttings and layers. At the same time it would be well to plant a few of the seeds.

Ornamental Weeping Trees, &c.—Will you be so kind as to give, through the columns of the Rural, a selection of weeping deciduous trees? Also, the name of ornamental-leaved trees—say a half a dozen or more of each—such as would be desirable for a lawn. What would be a suitable distance apart for a single row of Norway Spruce or Hemlock to be planted as a wind breaker for a young orchard, and also with a view to ornament? Would it do to plant them alternately in the same row, or would it be better to plant all of the same kind in each row?—G. S. C., *West Fayette, Seneca Co., N. Y.*, 1861.

The European Weeping Ash is one of the finest, and a most rapid grower. The Weeping Mountain Ash is a beautiful tree, of rapid but not so robust growth. The American Weeping Willow makes one of the prettiest of small weeping trees. The European Weeping Birch and Cut-Leaved Weeping Birch are both elegant trees, though not showing much of the drooping habit until four or five years after planting. In addition to the above, the Weeping Sophora, Linden, and Weeping Cherry, are desirable, and there are several varieties of Weeping Thorns that make beautiful small lawn trees.

The best of the variegated leaved trees are the Chestnut, Ash, Maple, and Salisburia. A fine effect is produced by planting with these the Purple-Leaved Beach and Elm, and other trees with purple or violet foliage.

For a screen, we would prefer a double row of Norways, planted about twelve feet apart each way.

Layering, &c.—Please tell me the best time for layering roses, syringa, grape vines, &c. I have a few small plants of the Rose of Sharon, raised from seed in a hot-bed. Should they be transplanted this summer, and will they live without protection through the winter?—A Constant Reader, *Manchester, N. Y.*, 1861.

The above did not reach us in season to render advice for layering of any value the present summer. Layering should be done as soon as the first growth is made, say in July. Plants of the Althea may be removed either in the autumn or spring. If the glass was removed as soon as the weather became warm and settled, and the plants were not too thick, they have doubtless made a good strong growth, and will endure the winter. It would be well to give them a slight protection of leaves. Last winter the Altheas suffered much, but usually they prove entirely hardy.

Transplanting Rose Bushes.—Can any of the readers of the Rural inform me when to transplant rose bushes in the fall? Also, how to proceed when there are no sprouts? I have one white rose bush, and it has no sprouts, and I would like to get some roots from the same bush, if possible.—C. F. K., *Seneca Falls, N. Y.*, 1861.

Unless your rose is grown upon its own roots, the sprouts or suckers would be of no value. As it seems to grow upon a single stem, you will have to form plants by budding on other varieties. If you know the name, you can obtain plants very cheap at the nurseries.

Autumn Leaves.—Will some reader of the Rural please give some information through its columns concerning autumn leaves, as to the *modus operandi* for preserving them, and preparing for putting into wreaths, frames, &c.?—Viola, *Lorain Co., Ohio*, 1861.

Domestic Economy.

ELDERBERRY WINE.

Editors Rural New-Yorker:—In compliance with the request of one of your correspondents, I hereby send you a recipe for making elderberry wine. I have tried it, and find the wine "not bad to take." To three quarts of water, put one quart of juice and three pounds of sugar. Put it in a keg, leave the bung out, and it will work itself clear,—from the bung. The keg should be full. The juice is more easily extracted by warming the berries, by pouring warm water over them. The juice should be strained.—Ed. Everett Vandyke, *Roxbury*, 1861.

To three quarts of berries, three quarts of water. Mash the berries; then boil one hour; then add three pounds of sugar; boil half an hour. You can put cloves and cinnamon, pounded, in a bag—say a teaspoonful of both—and boil it in. When nearly cold strain in jars, cover tight, put in a teacupful of yeast, let stand till done working—say two weeks—then strain again and bottle. It will keep for years.—C. M. Waterman, *Taberg, Oneida Co., N. Y.*, 1861.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—In your issue of August 24, I find an inquiry from "A. Chester, Rome, Ohio," for a recipe for making elderberry wine.

Elderberry Wine.—Pour a gallon of boiling water over every gallon of berries, let it stand twelve hours, then draw it off and boil it with three and a half pounds of sugar; when boiling, beat in the whites of a few eggs to clarify it; then skim it clear, adding half an ounce of pounded ginger, with some cloves and cinnamon, to every gallon of the wine. After boiling a little longer, put the mixture in a tub, when cool adding a toast rubbed well with yeast. Let it ferment a day or two, after which add a few raisins, and put all into a large jug or cask previously rinsed with brandy.—C. R. S., *Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.*, 1861.

Elderberry Wine.—I saw in a late Rural a request for a recipe to make Elderberry Wine. I have one I know to be good, and so send it. Take the largest stems from the berries, put them into a kettle with water sufficient to scald them. Measure the water when you put it in. When well scalded, strain. Then to a pint and a half of juice, allow one quart of water, (making allowance for the water put in to scald them,) and to every pint of juice add one pound of sugar. Return to the kettle, scald and strain into a clean jar. When cold, toast a slice of bread, put yeast on both sides of it, and lay it gently on the top. When it has done fermenting, put in a little bag ginger, cloves, cinnamon, &c. In due time take out the bag and put the wine into a cask. Let it remain several months. It is better for having age.—Annie E., *Albion, N. Y.*, 1861.

Elderberry Wine.—Scald and strain the berries, and to two quarts of the juice add two quarts of water; then add three pounds of brown sugar, and let it boil one hour. Put it in a stone jar, and when cool put in half of a yeast cake; then toast a slice of bread, spread it with hop emptings, and lay it on the top; let it work ten or twelve days; then bottle and cork tight.—B. B. Wright, *Orleans Co., N. Y.*

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A BATCH OF PIES AND CAKES.

Mock Apple Pie.—One teacup of bread crumbs; two of water; one and a half of sugar; one teaspoonful tartaric acid; a little salt; cinnamon or extract of lemon. Boil five minutes, then pour boiling hot into pie plates lined with paste, cover with the same and bake immediately. They should be eaten the same day, as they will not keep well.

Bread Pie.—Soak light bread in hot water, make it quite thin, add a piece of butter the size of a hickory nut for each pie, have ready your plates lined with paste and put it in a half inch thick, sprinkle over each pie a teaspoonful tartaric acid and two-thirds teacup sugar. Flavor with nutmeg.

Coffee Cake.—One cup sugar; one of molasses; four of flour; one of butter; one of strong coffee; one egg; one pound of raisins; one teaspoon soda; two of cream tartar; one of cloves; one of nutmeg.

Fruit Cake that Will Keep the Year Round.—Half pound flour; half pound sugar; six ounces butter; one pound currants; one pound raisins; some citron and cloves; four eggs; one gill of brandy; one teaspoon soda.

Cookies.—Break an egg into a teacup; put in three tablespoons melted butter; one of sour milk; a bit of soda; then fill with sugar. Mix soft and bake in a quick oven.—B. A. S., *Avoca, Steuben Co., N. Y.*

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Infallible Cure for Dysentery.—Dr. Page, of Washington, communicates to the *Republican* of that city the following simple remedy, long known in family practice, and which was recently tried in the camp of the New York 22d regiment, where there were from eighty to one hundred cases daily, and with rapid cures in every case:

Recipe—In a teacup half full of vinegar, dissolve as much salt as it will take up, leaving a little excess of salt at the bottom of the cup. Pour boiling water upon the solution till the cup is two-thirds or three-quarters full. A scum will rise to the surface, which must be removed and the solution allowed to cool.

Dose—Tablespoonful three times a day till relieved.

The rationale of the operation of this simple medicine will readily occur to the pathologist, and in many hundred trials I have never known it to fail in dysentery and protracted diarrhœa.

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Ginger Beer Quickly Made.—A gallon of boiling water is poured over three-quarters of a pound of loaf sugar, one ounce of ginger, and the peel of one lemon; when milk warm, the juice of the lemon and a spoonful of yeast are added. It should be made in the evening, and bottled next morning in stone bottles, and the cork tied down with twine.

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Chilblains.—The Rural will please say to that class of its numerous readers, and the world at large, who are troubled with chilblains, that saltpetre dissolved in warm water—make it strong—and applied with a rag to the parts affected, will cure the chilblains and no mistake. Try it.—X. Y. Z.

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Straw for Braiding Hats.—Will the Rural allow some of its many readers (if any are disposed or can) to inform me which is the best and most durable straw for braiding hats, and how it is prepared. They will confer a great favor, and oblige—Mrs. Alice A. Dennis, *Clarksville*, 1861.

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Bleaching Woolen Yarn.—Noticing in a late issue of the Rural an inquiry how to bleach woolen yarn, I send my recipe:—Smoke it in a barrel with roll brimstone.—Mary A. C., *Clarksville*, 1861.

Ladies' Department.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

"EVERY DAY A BURIAL DAY."

BY BELLE BUSH.

Each day within our hearts a grave
By unseen hands is made,
A cell by pensive memory shut,
Wherein bright joys are laid;
And Thought, a weeping mourner, comes
To sit beside the tomb,
Where flowers of sweet affection rest,
Nipped in their early bloom

The wheels of time with noiseless pace
In ceaseless circles move,
And every hour that glides away
Bears something that we love.
Some pearl of thought or blessed gift
That from our souls was riven,
Glides daily to the dark'ning tide,
Like votive offering given.

The buds of hope that wake at morn
Are withered ere the eve,
And dreams we travel with by day
In the early twilight leave.
There's not a heart that thrills with life
But hath some specter guest,
A form of pride, or buried love,
That steals away its rest.
Ambitions formed in early youth,
Life's promise fair and bright,
Are the flitting ghosts that walk about
Through the shadows of the night.

They haunt us in the festive hours,
With their voices sad and low,
And breathe an undertone in joy
In its wild triumphant flow.
They haunt us till our souls respond
To the sadness of their lay,
Till the music of our heart replies,
"Life is a burial day."

Adelphian Institute, Norristown, Pa., 1861.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE SOCIETY PIE.

"Oh! dear," said John Howard, entering the kitchen where Dinah, the cook, was busily engaged in making pies,—and seating himself in a chair with a very discontented and unhappy expression upon his face,—"It is too bad."

Dinah was an old confidential servant in a New England family. She had long been in the employ of the family, and being kind and trustworthy, had always had the care of the children, so that they regarded her as a friend, and were always accustomed to consult her in their childish troubles.

"What is it dats too bad, John?" said Dinah, looking up, and pausing a moment in her work.

"It is too bad that I must always drudge and toil on a farm, and never be anybody in the world," said John in an excited tone of voice, and his face flushed. "There's Paul Harvey, who'll never have to work as I will have to—he's rich, and he'll grow up to be a great man."

"Dat is, if he libs, an' makes a good use ob de money dat he's got, you mean, John?"

"Why, Dinah, I did not think that he might not live to grow up; but *if* he lives, I *know* he'll be a great man. He belongs to the 'upper crust.'"

"Tell me why you tink he'll be a great man."

"In the first place," said John, glad to find a willing listener to his story,—"he has every thing he wants. When he wants to play, he can; when he wants to ride, he can; and if he wishes to invite some of his cousins to spend two or three weeks with him, he does so."

"You didn't say anyting 'bout he *larnin,*' John. Does he study?"

"Of course he does; some, at least; he does as he pleases. When he becomes older, he will probably be sent to finish his education in some College, while I—"

"Tell 'bout de boy, Paul, dat you tink so much ob, *now*, an' 'bout yo'sel'f a'terwards."

"Well, then, he's generous. He is always giving the boys presents, and telling them what he has. He wears fine clothes, too. They always seem new. *I* have to *work*, day after day, and week after week, either in the field or in the garden, and I don't like it. If I could only have my time to myself."

"You tink you'd study, John?"

"I think I'd *play* first, Dinah; then I might study, for I should not exactly like to be an *ignoramus*. Oh! I wish I was rich;" and visions of wealth, luxury, and happiness, flitted through his brain.

"So you don' like de home you hab, de comf'ts you hab, nor your frien's. You tink you'd like to leabe your home, John?"

"I did not mean *that*, Dinah, but I wish that I was rich,—that I belonged to the 'upper crust.'"

"Dat's de truble," said Dinah, as she finished a pie, and deposited it in the oven,—"Dat's de bery troble. For, jes' as long as you tink so, you'll be mis'able indeed. You tink dat by b'longin' to de 'upper crus', dat you 'scape all de trobles in de world, an' lib a life ob happiness all de time. I tell you, you be bery much mistaken. Did you eber tink ob de 'S'iety Pie'?"

"No," said John. "Please tell me, for I shall be glad to hear."

"We all help make de 'S'iety Pie,' John, an' dere is an '*under*,' as well as de '*upper* crus'; an' de 'under crus' is jes' as nec'sary as de 'upper' one. You know dat dere can be good pies widout de 'upper crus'; I tink dat you like dem bery well."

"Yes, Dinah; you can testify to that," said John laughingly.

"De 'upper crus' instead ob habin' de bes' place, often has de wors'; for it may become blacked in de bakin';" and she pointed to one which bore strong evidence in favor of her words. "It is jes' so wid de folks dat b'long to de 'upper crus.' Troubles allers fall on dem firs.' Dey may become bankrupt, an' den dey are bery bad off, if dey 'pend on dere riches alone; an' dey gen'rally do; for a person dat has larnin' widout de money, only b'longs to de 'under crus', we gen'rally tink; an' so folks instead ob tryin' to improve dere min's, only try to scrape togedder dollars an' cents, an' dus dey spend dere time. Folks don't allers keep dere riches, you know, John, an' dey can't take dem wid 'em. All dese folks hab to gib up many ob dere hopes, root out many ob dere gentle feelin's, an' let Avarice grow in dere hearts. An' dis plant has long roots, an' dey strike deep down, an' send out dere fibers, till dey 'stroy Sympat'y, Gentleness, an' Contentment. An' dese folks toil on, day arter day, an' week arter week, as you said you had to do; but dey a'int happy, an' arter all dis, dey don't all get riches, as dey hoped dey would. An' dose dat do get rich, are looked up to, an' c'ressed, an' flattered, an' envied, an' called de 'upper crus' ob S'iety. We forget de sorrows which dey know,—de many hours which dey spent in hard labor,—de many little graves which dey made an' covered widout a sigh, in dere eagerness for wealth, where dey buried Sweet Hopes, an' Peace,—an' de flowers dat faded early in dere hearts. We look only on de outward 'pearance, de dress, de fine 'quippage, de manner ob libin'; an' in *our* hearts dere comes up a little plant, called Envy, dat if we don't watch, an' tend, an' prune, will make us bery mis'able. Dose in de 'under crus' hab de mos' life, strength, an' spirit; de mos' energy, patience, an' pers'verance. Labor gibs dem health, an' dere minds can expand an' grow widout bein' restrained by Fa'se Pride, or Se'fishness. Dey can read, an' tink, an' hab idees for demselves; an' dey are de ones on whom we mus' 'pend in times ob truble. What could de Nation do widout brave, hones' men, in times like dis? It isn't de *wealth* of her citizens dat can save her; it mus' be de brav'ry, de virtue, de heroism ob her men." Dinah paused a moment, and seemed to be thinking of our Nation's troubles; then resumed:

"De 'under crus'! May dose b'longin' to it allers live so dat dey may hab de blessin' ob God, wherebber dey go. May Honesty *allers* be written on dere faces, an' Happiness beam forth from dere eyes. But arter all, John, dis 'under crus' isn't 'xactly right, if it becomes discontented. It'll rise, an' swell, an' puff, an' maybe break, an' spile de hull pie. So dat, in dis way, too, dere is a great deal 'pendin' on it."

"Dinah," said John, who was watching her movements, and listening eagerly to her words,—"What will you call that which is between the crusts?"

"It is de feelin's 'xistin' 'tween de two; de deeds done by both. Dere deeds mus' all go into Heaben t'rough one door, for dere isn't two ways made for dem. If dese feelin's are unpleasant an' uncharitable, an' de deeds done by dem, *bad*, de pie is a poor one, for sartin; for de crus' can't be bery good eider. But, John, you mus' not tink dere are no good, wealthy people in dis pie; for dere are bery many. But dey hab de good sense not to 'pend on dere riches alone, an' not to boast ob what dey hab. An' because dey don't make much noise an' c'mmotion, we don't tink a great deal about dem, an 'low our-se'bes to be, tracted by dose who hab de riches alone. But dey work silently, an' are content, an' satisfied, an' de S'iety Pie is much better for dem. To hab a good S'iety Pie, a good neighborhood, dose b'longin' to dese crus' mus' hab a strong lob ob Libe'ty, Truth, an' Right, dat dere deeds may ten' to de pr'motion ob de same. An' dere mus' be a *good deal* of Contentment, Patience an' Hope in de pie; in fact, dere's no one dat's happy unless he's contented. I tink dat you wasn't happy when you came in de room; was you, John?"

"No, Dinah, I was not."

"Learn, den, to be contented wherebber you be, if you are only in an house' bleness; cultibate your min', do all de good you can, an' S'iety will be de better for your habin' lib'd in it. Don't cherish no envy for any one, not even for Paul Harvey. De time *may* come when his fortun' will be gone; it may be wasted by himself, if he don't learn to be savin' an' 'dustrious. Den, s'posin' he do'n't read, an' study, an' tink *now*—what will he do *den?* He, an' eb'ry one, mus' learn to 'pend on demselves, dat dey may allers hab a support. Try an' grow up to be a useful man, if it please God to spare your life, be bery kind to eb'ry one, an' be true to your God an' yourself, an' angels 'll welcome you to Heaben, an' wont ask wheddar you b'longed to de '*upper*' or de '*under* crus.'"

ALICE ASHLEY.

Maine, N. Y., 1861.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

FARMER'S WIFE VINDICATES.

"Mrs. ——":—You have made such a misconception of my friend "Coven Hoven," that I am constrained to place his communication in the right light, seeing I have been unintentionally the cause of quite a discussion. You have my hearty thanks for coming to my rescue, and for your generous sympathy. "Coven Hoven" is a friend of mine, well acquainted with my trials, and knew my signature. Please read his article again, Mrs. ——. You will see he wrote ironically, not accusing me, but carrying the idea that one might judge, from the unkind remarks which had been made, that I did so and so, and concludes by advising me to use more judgment in governing and guiding my household—a reproof which was needed and kindly taken. It is quite true that I have had as inefficient help as ever could have annoyed any woman, and it is a matter of great surprise to me that American girls are so incompetant to perform the commonest household duties properly.

During the past year I have had ten American girls, only three of which knew how to cook an ordinary meal, or sweep a floor; and one of those I taught. My family has been small. My milk was taken care of, and butter made and washing done by a tenant, and my ironing either sent away or a woman hired to come to the house and do it; so that my girl had only the meals to get, and common, every day housework to do, and was paid the same wages I have sometimes given to one who did nearly all of my work with my assistance. My health was poor, and besides I had the whole care of a delicate babe, and to be obliged to have such help *did* try me *exceedingly*. I felt responsible for the manner in which my work was done, and under obligations to have my table and house as comfortable and pleasant as my means would allow. It does not trouble me to have an ignorant girl, if she is naturally apt and capable, and *willing* to be taught; but if she thinks she knows every thing already, and treats the kindest efforts to teach her as presumption on my part, how can I but be grieved and annoyed?

If a girl *will persist* in *throwing* the plates and knives and forks on the table, without any reference to order, and in using the breakfast and dining plates for meats and vegetables, instead of the platters and deep dishes—leaving the iron spoons in gravies and sauce, and otherwise making the table and food as uninviting and unpalatable as can be—have I any right or not to show her how things should be done? And if she is wasteful and extravagant, shall I permit my husband's earnings to be wasted, or shall I teach her economy? Yet I have seldom dismissed a girl, or had one voluntarily leave me, and three or four have remained with me two or more years, and nearly all promise to come back if I want them when circumstances will permit. I do so dislike to change girls, and get so tired of teaching each one how to do, that if my health was sufficient to do my own work, I think I should not soon hire another.

FARMER'S WIFE.

P. S.—If the Editor will permit another word to be published on this much-vexed question, I would extend thanks to "Farmer's Daughter," whose piece, published since the above was written, contains too much truth to need my comment. F. W.

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It should be necessary only to grow old to become more indulgent. We shall seldom see a fault committed that we have not committed ourselves.

Choice Miscellany.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

I'M GROWING OLD.

The silvery crown of age is on my brow,
Its touch is soft, but cold—I feel it now.
I'm growing old.

Care's well sown furrows lie upon my cheek,
My speech is faltering, and my steps are weak.
I'm growing old.

The gorgeous morning dreams of life are fled,
My memory dying, my sense of fancy dead.
I'm growing old.

The fragile flower I to my bosom pressed
In manhood's morn, long since was laid to rest.
I'm growing old.

And those fair buds, by God in kindness given,
Drooped on the stem, but brighten now in heaven.
I'm growing old.

My wife, my children, and my friends are gone,
And I am tearful, hopeless, and alone.
I'm growing old.

Time's ruthless hand my every hope has riven,
Naught have I left, save one—the hope of Heaven.
I'm growing old

Jamestown, N. Y., 1861. J. H. W.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

VOICES OF THE WAVES.

Often have I sat and viewed the boundless expanse of the mighty deep, reaching far away into the azure blue to meet the bending sky, and listened to the music of its waves as they laved the shore at my feet. Then I have wondered, in child-like simplicity, what could be the song, now murmured in gentle tones, as they mingled their voices with the sighing breeze, and anon thundered their music to the howling storm, and "swept the march of God." And I have asked if all these solemn strains of eloquence were intended for my ear. Yet so it was—the interpreter's mystic pen was given me, that I might both understand and transcribe those revelations. And here they are, fresh from the glittering diamond's point.

See the white spray as it falls over those jutting rocks, glistening like granite in the rays of the sun, forming a miniature rainbow above—listen to those gentle murmurings which say, "Mortal, wouldst thou know our history? It is a long and wearisome tale, yet thy curiosity shall be gratified. Ever since the glorious morn of creation, when darkness rested upon the face of the deep, when God divided the upper from the lower waters, and sent them to their destined beds, have we rolled on in beauty and grandeur. Every year have we generously received some orphan rivulet to our bosom, which has grown with our growth and strengthened with our strength, until we have attained our present rank and power.

"In searching the annals of the past, we recall scenes both of sorrow and gladness. Once were we commanded to overstep our accustomed boundaries, and sweep from the face of the earth, in 'wild, devastating torrents, everything which it so beneficently nourished and evolved,' scattering the seeds of misery and death over the whole human family, separating parents and children, and hastening them to an untimely grave. Many were the dying wails that were shrieked in our ears, but they could not avail; our command was from One who speaks and it is done, and not until every form was lifeless—save those contained in the ark, which we so proudly bore upon our heaving tides—was the angel of mercy permitted to sway her golden scepter over the troubled waters, and we to abate our fury, and resume our wonted calmness.

"Again, when Moses, in obedience to the divine command, stretched forth his miraculous rod over our smoothly gliding waters, we obeyed the gentle mandate—we parted, and allowed the children of Israel to pass over upon dry land, and then returned, overwhelming the Egyptian king and his host with dismay and death. But when Xerxes, the great Persian monarch, commanded us to be chastised and even chained, because we did not obey him, we laughed him to scorn. We had respect only to the Higher Law—to the Supreme Governor of the universe, who alone hath power to walk upon the water as a pavement, and say to our raging billows 'Peace! be still!'

"Sometimes a roving spirit possesses us, and, attracted by the flattering rays of the sun, we envelope ourselves in a mantle of mist, and ascend to travel amid unseen beauties. This, however, is of short duration. Remembering still our childhood's home, we withdraw from the splendor of the skies and descend to earth, sometimes in pearly dewdrops, again in pattering rain; or when the chilling blasts of winter are allowed to blight the fair face of nature, we assume the forms of the crystal snow-flakes, and go to gladden the hearts of men.

"In wild delight we seek the happiness of mankind, casting pearls and rose-tinted shells upon the beach for the amusement of curious children, forwarding man's great schemes by transporting his merchandise to and from distant ports, giving a word of encouragement to the faint-hearted, and singing a lullaby to the weary.

"Mortal, art thou still unsatisfied? Shall we tell thee of the mermaids that dance in the depths of the coral groves, of the fairy halls and queenly palaces upon the bottom of the deep, of the fairies themselves who rest upon beds of sea-flowers, and deck themselves in gossamer robes, pinned with reflections of the stars; or shall we introduce thee to the finny tribes that sport in the great deep? Wouldst thou shudder to hear of the dismal scenes that we oft witness, when the storm-king comes and rouses our deepest ire? Then it is that noble ships tremble at our daring, and yield their burden of precious souls to buffet with the merciless waves, and sink at last into a watery grave, 'unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.' See that lovely babe drifting upon the restless tide! Its silken locks parted from off the marble forehead; a holy smile wreathes its cherub lips, and its dimpled hands are crossed lovingly upon its bosom. It is alone—the arm that clasped it once hath not power to encircle it now—it lies in all the beauty of sleeping innocence, yet it is not Sleep, but Death that has embraced it. Hasten on! Parents are there with hands upraised to Heaven in agonizing prayer. But they shall all lie upon the cold bed of ocean, and sleep the sleep which knows no waking.

"And now, O, Mortal, if thy zeal has not abated, nor thy courage cooled, come with us in imagination to ocean's depths, and see the congregated dead. 'Here the rich and the poor meet together; the Lord is the maker of them all.' The missionary, carrying 'good tidings of great joy' to distant heathen lands, sleeps beside the pirate, whose 'tender mercies are cruelties;' parents and children lie in one cold embrace; the good and the evil sink into insignificance; friends and foes forget their injuries; innocence lies encircled by the arms of wickedness, and virtue, like a gem, slumbers by the side of haggard vice—all alike awaiting the day of retribution, when the 'sea shall be called upon to deliver up its dead,' and they to stand before the judgment bar of God. That day alone can reveal these things which we have hitherto kept secretly hidden in our bosom.

"Mortal, our tale is finished! Thus it is with us, ever varying, ever changing, striving to accomplish that whereunto we were sent. Doest thou as well?"

The wild waves still murmur on, and their rich music falls on my ear in melodious tones. But my magic pen hath vanished, and I have no power to repeat those touching strains. Fare thee well, playful waves; and when far distant, in memory I shall still hear thy gleeful voice. Fare thee well, and may others in turn be instructed as thou hast instructed me. OMEGA.

Jamestown, N. Y., 1861.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

ALMANACS, OLD AND NEW.

If this present generation is not the wisest one the world ever contained, somebody has a great deal to answer for in the way of vain story telling, for how often are we told what gigantic strides the world has made of late—such great inventions—such progress in science—and even how very moral we are, compared with anything that has gone before. It is very agreeable to one's vanity to believe all this; but if straws show which way the wind blows, we might in find, by actual comparison, that our improvement, some respects, has been of a questionable character.

For instance, I have before me a package of almanacs, ranging from forty to sixty years of age, the contents of any one of which would compare favorably with the whole array of such kind of literature published in this book-making age, and dealt out gratuitously to the people as a means of advertising.

Here is one of these smoky treasures whose date bespeaks it to be fifty-four years old. I cannot refrain from giving an index of its contents. After the usual introduction, comes the calendar. Every month has an appropriate quotation in poetry placed at the head of the page, and every vacant space below is filled with "old sayings," which, if not true, are, at least, spicy. Here is a specimen: "The defects of the mind, like those of the face, grow worse as we grow older." Next follows the miscellany. First, we have "a new method to preserve cider;" then the best method of preserving sheep skins, followed by an extract from a London magazine on planting trees, which contains matter enough in a small space to prove a real treasure to some country editor in search of *original matter*. A correspondent from Pennsylvania next gives an article on sheep raising; then we have a recommendation of charcoal tooth powder, a cure for hydrophobia, a cure for dysentery, and a cure for consumption. Half a page is next given to describing the benefits of cold water poured on persons who have been struck by lightning; a description of the medicinal virtues of tobacco, a cure for the bite of a rattlesnake; next a recipe for sirup for the hives, which has perhaps been the beginning of the fortune of some vender of patent medicine, who got his brilliant idea in some such place.

On the next page we have something different. First comes an anecdote of the *late* General Washington, followed by an essay on the benefits of the study of history, a few remarks on the pleasures of friendship, illustrated by a story of Dionysius the tyrant; then a anecdote showing the power of the pencil to depict the emotions of the countenance. Two other amusing sketches, and the whole closes with the advertisement of the celebrated Madam Spitfire, next door to the Cat's Paw Tavern, who advertises to teach every form of scolding in perfection. Having scolded her teeth out of her head, and been the death of eight husbands in three years' time, she feels qualified to do the subject justice.

Now compare an amusing and instructive work like this with the annual offerings of the same sort that we get in these enlightened days, filled, as they are, with puffs of bitters, expectorants, extracts, elixirs, sirups, and the like, the virtues of which—if we dare believe half the testimonials from distressed patients in every quarter of the known world—would enable us to bid defiance to disease and even Death himself.

And although, in looking back half a century, we may prefer our own time to that, yet we cannot but think that if more of the economy and caution in business matters, and moderation in speech, which characterized those old-time folks, was practiced by the present generation, we should attain greater results than we are likely to with our more headlong speed. E. C. D.

Geneva, Wis., 1861.

◆

The Glory of Summer.—God's works are better and more beautiful than our poor idea of them. Though I have seen them and loved them now for more than thirty summers, I have felt this year, with something of almost surprise, how exquisitely beautiful are summer foliage and summer grass. Here they are again, fresh from God! The summer world is incomparably more beautiful than any imagination could picture it on a dull December day. You did not know on New Year's day, my reader, how fair a thing the sunshine is. And the commonest things are the most beautiful. Flowers are beautiful; he must be a blackguard who does not love them. Summer seas are beautiful, so exquisitely blue under the blue summer sky. But what can surpass the beauty of green grass and green trees? Amid such things let me live; and when I am gone, let green grass grow over me. I would not be buried beneath a stone pavement, not to sleep in the great Abbey itself.—*Country Parson.*

◆

Expected Disappointments.—What you are prepared for rarely happens. The precise thing you expected comes not once in a thousand times. A confused state of mind results from long experience in such cases. Your real feeling often is: Such a thing seems quite sure to happen; I may say I expect it to happen; and yet don't expect it, because I do; for experience has taught me that the precise thing which I expect, which I think most likely, hardly ever comes. I am not prepared to side with a thoughtless world, which is ready to laugh at the confused statement of the Irishman who had killed his pig. It is not a bull; it is a great psychological fact that is involved in his seemingly contradictory declaration—"It did not weigh as much as I expected, *and I never thought it would.*"—*Boyd.*

◆

Would and Shall.—There are a good many people in the world who spend half their time in thinking what they would do if they were rich, and the other half in conjecturing what they shall do as they are not.

Sabbath Musings.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE LAND OF REST.

BY NELLY S. A. GRAHL.

"There the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

Far above this world of sorrow,
Far beyond this mortal shore,
Is a land of bliss and beauty
Where they never sorrow more;
Where the pure and holy enter,
Where abide the good and blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

Pearly gates and walls of jasper
Do inclose this city bright;
Precious stones are her foundations;
God, the Lamb, her glorious light.
Trees of life forever blooming,
All of healing power possessed—
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

Pastures green and living waters
In this heavenly land abound;
Endless pleasures, bliss unmingled,
There, and there alone, are found.
No more sorrow, pain, or anguish,
Souls no more by sin oppressed—
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

Here temptations gather round us,
Satan's wiles our hearts do vex;
Cares harrass and foes surround us,
Pain afflicts and fears perplex;
But in that bright world of glory
We shall be forever blest,
There the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

Onward, Christian! then, right onward,
Soon thy sorrows will be o'er,
Jesus soon will come and lead thee
Safely to the Shining Shore,
Where those wait to bid thee welcome
Whom on earth thou lovedst best;
Where the wicked cease from troubling
And the weary are at rest.

Greene, O., 1861.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

A BRIEF VIEW OF LIFE.

In infancy we launch our tiny barks out on the river that leads to the vast ocean beyond, guided by a mother's tender love and a father's watchful eye. But soon we leave them "to go our way alone." We are just entering the great waters, and, to Youth's inexperienced eye, everything appears rosy-tinted; and we see boats far out that seem dancing along on the waves, and ever and anon leaping to kiss the sun of happiness. But as the wind and the tide bear our own boats on to the charmed spot, which we have so longed to reach, we find to our disappointment that what seemed the joyous leaping was but the heaving of the billows driven to and fro by sorrow's furious gales.

And is life, then, nothing but the tossings of disappointment and sorrow? O, no! There are joys that are "ever floating near, in purple and in gold;" and though we have them often for our companions, we realize it not till they fade from us and we are left to mourn their loss. And yet we would not drift back through all our trouble to taste them again.

So our look is ever onward, and far away Faith sees the pearly walls of the celestial city loom up—angel arms seem beckoning us on, and we can almost hear the "stately steppings" of the Monarch of that realm. If we can only keep our hearts and eyes fixed on its glittering walls, we shall surely enter the port.

But rocks and hidden shoals are on every side, and we must be very careful to keep in the narrow channel. Beside these, there are fiends in angelic form, trying, by every device, to draw us into what seem sparkling waters, but the tide of that stream floats directly to perdition, and many, very many, are borne along upon its bosom. Therefore we must provide ourselves at the commencement of the voyage with a trusty pilot,—take the Bible for our chart and compass,—follow all its directions, and the promise is we shall gain an abundant entrance into the beautiful harbor, and the gates of the city will be thrown open to receive us. L. E.

Lonsyville, N. Y., 1861

◆

"There shall be no Pain there."—This promise is one of the golden clusters that grow on that vine planted for the healing of the nations, the Bible! How blessed a promise of the life that is to come is this one, those only can know who have walked long and frequently under the shadows of weariness and suffering.

"Nor pain there," to struggle with and endure; no burdens laid upon the eager spirit, which the weak frame can not sustain; no work, under which heart and strength fail, and which is at last laid mournfully aside; no long hours of fever and restlessness; no overtasked brain and nerves in the homestead of those whom God shall number as his jewels!

So, be comforted ye that mourn! Green and shining rise the banks beyond the dark valley, and sweet healing is in the winds that wander off from the meadows, freighted with blossoms fairer than the roses and lilies of earth!

Take through your pilgrimage this promise—let it be a new incentive, and strength, and comfort to you—"*There shall be no pain there!*"

◆

Our Home.—Our home, our country, is heaven, where there are no sorrows, nor fears, nor troubles; this world is the place of our travel and pilgrimage, and, at the best, our inn.

In my Father's house there are mansions, many mansions, instead of an inn; and my Savior himself hath not disdained to be my harbinger; he is gone before me, to prepare a place for me. I will, therefore, content myself with the inconveniences of my short journey, for my accommodations will be admirable when I come to my home, that heavenly Jerusalem, which is the place of my rest and happiness.—*Sir Matthew Hale.*

◆

Building Fences, and Starvation.—The following is attributed to Rev. Dr. Tyng, of New York. How precious is the influence of anti-sectarian, unbigoted, and generous spirit!—"Sir, I have tried to be a sectarian. I have labored to work out the principles on which people spent their lives in building up dividing fences between themselves and neighbors. But, sir, I have always found that a summer spent in building fences, brings a winter of starvation, without a crop. I prefer to think of those things in which, as Christians, we are united, and they constitute the whole truth which is necessary to save us from sin."

Useful, Scientific, &c.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

ABOUT SLEEP AND EARLY RISING.

AMONG the many readers of the RURAL some have raised large families, and are men and women of good sense and large experience, whose views on the subject of early rising or of sleep might benefit us all. Reliable authors and physicians have discussed the subject, and laid down general rules. But some people never read books, depending on newspapers for information, and some people are never to be convinced that anything is good or right, or any plan is to be pursued, or any food cooked, which *they* have not proved, or followed, or eaten.

Perhaps no one doubts that early rising is more promotive of health than sleeping away the best hours of day. But are these not conditions to be considered? Before you rouse the sleeper, put on your reasoning and thinking cap. If a person is in perfect health, and goes to bed at early and regular hours, and nothing disturbs his or her rest, they can wake and rise with the sun in the longest days of summer. But if the person is feeble, nervous, diseased, or broken of rest by restless children, or by any cause, and happens to fall into a refreshing sleep toward morning, must they be rudely roused, and driven up because it is daylight and the morning air is healthful? A mother, for instance, who perhaps is not diseased at all, but is kept awake two-thirds or half of the night for months together by a fretful and sickly babe, until she has grown thin and pale as a ghost, if she ever gets asleep, must you wake her to hear the birds sing and see the sun shine?

Again, must children, who are growing rapidly, be allowed to sleep in the morning? HORACE MANN, I think, who was pretty good authority, and devoted many years to the study of the mental and physical conditions of children, said that children will not take more sleep than their natures require, and should not be wakened; and that sleep is better medicine for the sick, or weary, or feeble, than food or air, provided they sleep where the surrounding air is kept pure and healthful. Children of very active temperaments, who play or exercise all these long days till dark, and who are growing fast, too, should they be driven up early, or be allowed to take all the sleep they will? Or, should they, at least, sleep a couple of hours, or so, longer than adults? Some people cannot have any mercy on children, and expect just as much labor and judgment from them as from grown up men or women whose bodies are matured.

Please, some of you who can, express some opinions on this subject for general edification of all concerned. QUERCHY.

SKELETON CANNON.

MR. J. A. DEBRAME, of New York, has lately made some interesting experiments with a cannon, having six revolving chambers and a skeleton, or ribbed barrel. Four of the chambers are always open to the air, so that each has sufficient time for cooling. The barrel is fixed, and to secure its ventilation the inventor has, as he states, hit upon a very strange device. The object of the barrel being chiefly to give direction to the shot, he supposed it was unnecessary to have it closed; he, therefore, retained of the barrels only the bars which constitute the rifling of the cannon, keeping them in their place by surrounding them at proper intervals with rings. These bars give the same direction and revolving motion to the shot as if the barrel were closed, while the air passes freely through and keeps the bar cool.

Many persons suppose that the expansive power of the powder follows the ball up to the muzzle, and that a portion of the expansive power would be lost if there were any holes in the barrel. From the experiments made by Mr. DeBrame this opinion appears not be altogether correct. By surrounding the barrel of his cannon with a tight-fitting covering, he converted it into a closed barrel, the friction remaining unchanged. He charged first with the closed and then with the open barrel, with single, double and treble charges of powder, and fired into targets made of 1,000 sheets of paper. He made the experiments before many scientific gentlemen, and on June 5th, before three of the Polytechnic Association, and Col. Rowan, C. B., of H. H. M.'s Artillery. The penetration was considerably greater with the open than with the closed barrel. Similar results have been obtained with different sizes of cannon.

The inventor has taken two of Hall's carbines, identically alike, opened the barrel of one and left the other untouched, and has found that the projectile was thrown with at least as great force from the open as the closed barrel. The great advantage claimed for the open barrel is, that the ventilation keeps the gun cool; the accuracy of aim is thus not liable to be injured by the curving of inequalities which might arise from the expansion of the metal heated by firing. It is stated that all the experiments have been favorable to the invention.—*Mechanics' Magazine.*

PARENTAL DUTIES.

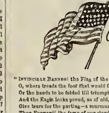
VERY many American fathers are strangers to their children; they know nothing of their childish hopes and aspirations; they give them no sympathy, and receive in their turn distrust instead of confidence. How large is the proportion of the educated classes, of the active professional and business men, who never give even an infinitesimal fraction of their valuable time to the healthy mental and moral development of their children? A hasty "good morning," a few moments at meals, and a weary "good night," are as much as they can spare from the absorbing pursuit of money-getting, social distinction, and political or professional popularity. The words of a little one, of whom it is said that when requested to ask his father for some trifling favor, replied, "I don't want to; I don't know father," are a sad and touching comment on the domestic relations of many American fathers. They are far better known on 'Change, in their counting-rooms and offices, in the street or club room, than in their own houses—we will not say homes, for they are destitute of the essential elements of home.

Of the mothers in this station of life, we would speak in all charitableness. Some of them, with true womanly spirit and fortitude, take upon themselves the burden so thoughtlessly cast aside by the fathers, and with that large faith and hope, and the self-sacrificing love which is only found in the maternal heart, throw around their children the saving and forming influences so essential in early life; others struggle for a time with the difficulties that surround them, and then yield to the current; while many, we fear, give as little thought as the fathers to the infinite responsibilities resting upon them.

In no sense do such parents considerately shape or guide the destiny of their children. They grow up under the evil influences that abound in our cities and villages, with sheltered morals, ill-regulated desires, and unbalanced physical and intellectual development—an easy prey to the vices, excitements, disappointments or anxieties of life. Attention on the part of parents, and a proper discrimination in the training and education of children, would save many from moral and criminal degradation, and from intellectual as well as moral ruin. Many times have we heard the exclamation from lips writhing in mental anguish, "Oh, that my parents had taught me the right way, then I should not have been suffering this agony!" We would enforce upon intelligent parents whose eyes may glance over these lines, and who may have thought heretofore that their children have no need of their care and supervision, of their parental sympathy and watchful anxiety, that life has no other more important duties and purposes. Let them think of the helpless ones committed to their keeping, whom they can almost shape at will for an endless future, and bear in mind the eternal truth that the earliest impressions made upon children have a powerful influence over their mental and moral development, and go with them, bearing good or evil fruit, to the latest hours of their existence.—*Geo. Cook, M. D., on Mental Hygiene.*

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.



"INVINCIBLE BANNER! the Flag of the Free!
O, where treads the foot that would falter for thee!
Or the hands to be folded till triumph is won,
And the Eagle looks proud, as of old, to the sun?
Give tears for the parting—a murmur of prayer—
Then Forward! the fame of our standard to share!
With welcome to wounding, and combat, and scars,
And the glory of death—for the Stripes and the Stars!"

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 21, 1861.

THE WAR'S PROGRESS.

FACTS, SCENES, INCIDENTS, ETC.

The National Loan—Popular Subscribers.

IN our last issue we gave a brief description of the manner of receiving the loan, in the Sub-Treasury, New York, by letter and otherwise, and now photograph some of those who are classed as "popular subscribers:"

There were about one hundred visitors to-day, and their subscriptions ranged from fifty dollars upward. That short, stout, broad-faced gentleman, richly dressed in black, with a gold-headed cane, gold spectacles, and a general banking air about him, comes bustling into the room from his easy carriage down stairs, and is evidently a millionaire. He says "twenty thousand" quite coolly, and rolls off to the cashier's desk hurriedly, but with the dignity of well-lined pockets. Next comes an old woman, poorly dressed, bent down by age, and looking like the keeper of an apple-stand or a corner grocery of peanuts and dirty candies. What can she want there? Down go those withered hands into her bosom; tremblingly they emerge again, grasping an old stocking, from which she pours upon the table—a thousand dollars. She has not yet spoken a word, and while you look at her, wondering where she can have procured that amount of gold, the clerk has counted up her savings, and she makes room for a dapper little "cash," who carries a small bag of gold in his hand and tries to look unconscious that he thinks himself a shrewd business man, and imagines he cannot be humbugged. Next comes a veritable Bridget, with her fifty dollars. How in the world could she know of the loan and of its advantages? Seeing her in the intelligence office, or answering her advertisement in the *Herald*, you would never think of employing such a creature; but she has her wits, you see. Mark the shrewdness with which she watches the making out of her certificates, ready to burst out in a vehement harangue at the slightest blunder. Next comes a former Comptroller of this city, now totally blind, and led in by his daughter. A few words and this sad couple retire.

Here is a negro, a colored man, an African, or whatever he prefers to be called, and instead of the fifty dollars you expect him to subscribe, he puts down over seven hundred, and does it with that affected carelessness and careful affectation which Jerry Bryant used to mimic so inimitably. Following him is a lady, sweeping her long trail past you, and displaying rich diamond rings as she ungloves to write her draft. Then comes a clerk, who subscribes thousands of dollars for his employers, and then, after a moment's hesitation, one hundred dollars for himself. In walks an elderly gentleman, evidently from the country and not in very good health. He tells Mr. Cisco that he has not left his native town, in New Jersey, for five years before, but has taken this long and fatiguing journey because he thinks his country needs his savings. There go, past the office door, a long procession of men and boys, carrying canvas bags and paper bundles of gold. This is the three and a half million dollars from the banks. Next you see a chambermaid with her fifty dollars; then another merchant with his five thousand; then a laborer or a mechanic, with his one or two hundred; then another capitalist with his ten or fifteen thousand; and so the loan comes in by person after person. Here is a man who has one hundred and fifty dollars to subscribe—the extra fifty for a friend. It may all be put in one note and his friend's fifty indorsed on the back, but he will not hear of this. The notes must be made out separately, in spite of the long troubles and complications of the double entry, for his friend wishes his name to appear also as one of those who "stand by the Union." Next is a lady who comes from the back country, and brings a letter of introduction to Mr. Cisco. She wants to know how she is to invest her money to aid the country. Then comes the inevitable Irishman and German, who say exactly what they do not mean, but whose business the quick clerks dispatch before the inexplicit, episodical and curiously intertangled story of the depositors is half finished. Here is a clergyman from the Sixth avenue, who says ten words about his business and fifty about his determination to sustain the Government. Then comes Bridget, the mechanic, the apple woman, the lady, the clerk, the chambermaid, Patrick, the capitalist, the Long Island farmer, the Jerseyman, the colored man, the German, the widow, the clergyman, and people of all classes and conditions, over and over again, and so the loan is paid in.

THE LOAN RECEIVED.—Going behind the cashier's counter, now, we see the money received and watch how it is treated and where deposited. On the floor, lying in heaps, each bank's payment by itself, is the three and a half million dollars we saw paid in just now. That will be all counted in the morning, and all deficiencies will be rectified by the banks. In almost every one of these payments some bad money will be found. How it is discovered the counters cannot tell you. It is a sort of instinct with them, and they are proud that, after years of practice, they have never yet been deceived. These gold pieces look and feel all right to you, and would pass current anywhere. They have passed through the banks, you see. Mr. Cisco, Jr., feels one as it slips through his fingers, hiding itself among half a dozen others. He declares it bad, but cannot tell why. You doubt the correctness of his judgment. Chip! He has cut it in halves, and there, you see, it is filled with platina or some other metal, and more than half its value is gone. These cut pieces are sent back to the banks, to prevent any dispute, and they are always promptly replaced.

All this money and that received from individual depositors, is placed in a room-like safe, properly counted, wrapped up and labeled. The cashier flings open a cupboard door and says "there is thirteen hundred thousand dollars which the Government has not thought fit to use yet." In other cupboards there are hundreds of thousands more, and bars and bags of silver and gold lie scattered about with apparent heedlessness, but real order. How light your pocket-book feels as you look upon these mines of wealth, and how glad you feel that you are not so rich as to have to take care of such heavy weights upon your mind and heart. Poverty looks like virtue in the treasury vaults, and opulence seems beggared.

Well, here the money remains till it is wanted at Washington. We do not care to trace it in its circuit through the pockets of contractors, officials, soldiers, sailors, mechanics, merchants, manufacturers and laborers back to the banks and the Sub-Treasury again. So that it prove the sinews of war to the Government, we shall all be satisfied, and each will be proud that with his purse, if not with his sword, he has done something to save and restore the Union.

An Appeal for the Popular Loan.

SECRETARY CHASE has issued the following Appeal to the citizens of the United States in behalf of the National Loan:

Your National Government, compelled by guilty conspiracy culminating in causeless insurrection, is engaged in a war for the security of liberty,—for the supremacy of law,—for the defence of the Union, and for the maintenance of popular institutions. For the means to defray the necessary expenses of the war, your Congress has directed that an appeal be made to you by opening a subscription to a National Loan of $150,000,000.

Already enlightened and patriotic capitalists of the great cities of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, have manifested their clear sense, both of duty and interest, by a subscription of $50,000,000. Congress, under which this subscription was received, wisely provides, however, that advantages as well as patriotic satisfaction of participation in this loan shall be offered, not to capitalists of great cities only, but to the people of the whole country. In order to secure a substantial reward for their public spirit to those whose patriotism prompts them in this hour of trial to place their means at the disposal of the Government, Congress has directed that an interest of 7 3-10ths per cent. be paid on the several amounts subscribed,—an interest not liable to State taxation, but constituting for the subscribers a revenue, not only certain in receipt, but greater in amount than can be expected from any ordinary investment.

And, in order to afford all citizens equal opportunities of participation in these advantages, Congress has further directed that subscriptions be received for sums as small as $50, as well as for large amounts; and that should the subscriptions exceed the whole sum desired, the smaller be preferred in its distribution. Each subscriber, on payment of his subscription, will be entitled to receive Treasury notes equal in amount, in such denominations as he may prefer, whether of $50, $100, $500, $1,000, or $5,000. The interest at 7 3-10th per annum, will be, on the notes of $50, one cent; on 100, two cents; on $500, ten cents; on $1,000, twenty cents; and on $5,000, one dollar each day. All the Treasury notes issued will bear date on the 19th of August, 1861, and will carry interest from that date. Each note will have coupons attached expressing the several amounts of semi-annual interest, which coupons may be detached from the notes and presented for payment separately. Each subscriber may pay the whole amount subscribed at the time of subscription, or, if he prefers to do so, may pay one-tenth at that time, and one-third every twentieth day thereafter.

At each payment the accrued interest on the amount from the 19th of August to the date of payment must also be paid, and the amount of interest thus paid will be reimbursed in the payment of the first coupon. In order to secure beyond peradventure the punctual payment of the interest and the gradual reduction of the principal, Congress has provided by law for an annual revenue amply sufficient, not only for these purposes, but for the prompt payment of all demands on account of extraordinary expenditures.

It will be seen at a glance that not only is the whole property of the country pledged for the interest and final reimbursement of the loan, but that an adequate and specific proportion of the annual productions is set apart by taxation for the redemption of this pledge. Prompt payment beyond a contingency is thus insured. Nor can this taxation be thought great when compared with the magnitude of the objects of the contest, or with the amount of property and productions.

The objects are Union, permanent peace and security at home, and respect abroad, which are imperilled by this unprovoked rebellion. The intelligence of the people comprehends at once their magnitude. They rise above party—they belong to no Administration—they concern the whole country during all time, under every Administration, and in every relation, both foreign and domestic. And the means for the attainment of these great objects can be readily supplied from the prosperity and productions of the country. The real and personal values in the United States reach the vast aggregate of $16,000,000,000, and in the States now loyal to the Union this aggregate is $11,000,000,000.

The yearly surplus earnings of the loyal people are estimated by intelligent persons, conversant with such investigations, at more than $400,000,000, while the well-considered judgment of military men of the highest rank and repute, warrants the confident expectation that if the war is prosecuted with energy, courage, and skill, it may be brought to a termination before the close of the ensuing spring; in which event, the cost beyond the revenues will hardly exceed the amount of the $250,000,000 loan authorized by Congress, and with a due economy in all branches of the public service, not more than the total expenditures of Great Britain or France in two years of peace.

And it is not unreasonable to hope that the auspicious result of peace may be hastened by the reflection of the citizens of the States in insurrection—that they will review their action, weigh their own welfare, consider the disposition of the people of the whole country to recognize all their constitutional rights, and to allow them their full share in the benefits of the common Government, and renew their allegiance to the Union, which in an evil hour they have been tempted to throw off.

Will they not reflect that the war into which the Government has been constrained is not a war for their subjugation, but a war for national existence, and that an auspicious result to the Union will benefit as largely the States in insurrection as the States which have remained loyal? However this may be, the duty of the National Government, as the constitutionally constituted agent of the people, admits of no question.

The war, made necessary by the insurrection, and reluctantly accepted by the Government, must be prosecuted with all possible vigor until the restoration of the just authority of the Union shall insure permanent peace. The same good Providence which conducted our fathers through the difficulties and dangers which beset the formation of the Union, has graciously strengthened our hands for the work of its preservation.

The crops of the year are ample; the granaries and barns are everywhere full. The capitalists of the country come cheerfully forward to sustain the credit of the Government; already, and even in the advance of this appeal, men of all occupations seek to share the honors and advantages of the loan.

Never, except because of the temporary depression caused by the rebellion and the derangement of business occasioned by it, were the people of the United States in a better condition to sustain a great contest than now.

Under these favoring circumstances and for these grand objects, I shall, in pursuance of the act of Congress, cause books of subscription to be opened as speedily as practicable, in the several cities and principal towns of the United States, in order that all citizens who desire to subscribe to the loan may have the opportunity of doing so.

Meantime, those who prefer that course can remit any sum which they may wish to invest in the loan, to the Treasury of the United States at Washington, or to either of the Assistant Treasurers at Boston, New York, or Philadelphia, or St. Louis, or to the Depository at Cincinnati, where certificates will entitle the holders to Treasury notes on the terms already stated. The patriotism of the people, it is not to be doubted, will promptly respond to the liberal wisdom of their representatives.

S. P. CHASE,
Secretary of the Treasury.

A Provost Marshal on Religious Journals.

THE St. Louis papers publish a correspondence which has just taken place between Rev. Mr. McAnally, editor of the Christian Advocate at St. Louis, and the Provost Marshal, Major McKinstry. Mr. McAnally, apprehensive that his paper would fall under the ban of the Marshal, wrote a very polite note to that officer, inquiring "if he intended to suppress the Christian Advocate," and assuring him that he (McAnally) was not the proprietor, but the editor; that he did not want to violate any law "if he knew it," and that he would be delighted if the Marshal would accept a copy of the paper every week for his private reading. The Marshal replied as follows:

OFFICE OF PROVOST MARSHAL, }
ST. LOUIS, Aug. 25, 1861. }

SIR:—Your letter of the 24th inst. has been received at my office, and has had my attention.

In reference to the course of the St. Louis Christian Advocate, of which you are the editor, permit me to say that in my judgment, in these times of political excitement and heated discussion and civil war, it would be more becoming, as well as more consistent, that a public newspaper belonging to and advocating the doctrines and principles of the Church of Christ, should abstain from publishing articles of a political character, calculated to inflame the passions of men, and evidently hostile to the Government of the country.

You say, sir, that the opposition to your paper "originated and is kept up among bigoted religious sectarians, and is religious, not political." Permit me to inquire how, if this is the fact, the opposition to your paper arises among all true patriots, whether members of your church, or in any way interested in it or not? I would suggest that, if your paper is designed to be the religious journal you represent, and is owned by, and is the organ of the church, it would be the part of a true patriot for you to omit hereafter from its columns all secular matter, and allow the Christian Advocate to be in future what it *claims* to be—a purely religious journal, advocating the importance of the great truths of the Scriptures and their claims upon men, and omitting to discuss questions which to your views are ephemeral and unimportant.

In reply to your offer to furnish me with future or back numbers of your paper for examination, I would say that I have seen and perused the paper heretofore, and am aware of the nature of its contents.

You say that you violate no law, if you know it. Did it ever occur to you *that patriotism is enjoined in the Bible, and that the publication of seditious and treasonable language, particularly when cloaked in the garb of religion, is one of the most heinous and aggravated forms of violation of the Divine Law?*

But in these times men are not in all respects permitted to carry out their opinions; and in the opinion of the Provost Marshal, it will be in much better taste, and much more conducive to good order and propriety, for you to discontinue in the Christian Advocate the publication of all matter of a secular nature. Let your journal be a religious paper, as it professes to be, and it will never come under the discipline of this Department.

With the kindest feelings for yourself personally, and the best wishes for the success of the cause of religion and piety in which you are engaged, I am,

Very respectfully, yours,
J. MCKINSTRY, Major U. S. A.,
Provost Marshal.

Rev. Dr. MCANALLY, editor St. Louis Christian Advocate.

Our Army in Western Virginia.

THE telegraph last week reported Gen. Rosecrans at Sutton, a town on the line from Clarksburg to Gauley Bridge, some sixty miles south of the former, twenty-five north of Summerville, where Col. Tyler's recent affair took place, and fifty from Gauley Bridge. He is thus, it seems, moving along his whole line and personally inspecting every point. His forces are in three divisions and are thus described in a recent letter from Grafton:

FIRST DIVISION.—The Railroad division is under command of General Kelly, whose duty it is to guard the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad from Wheeling to Cumberland. The whole number of men guarding the road, including one regiment at the Potomac bridge, amounts to about 3,000, who are distributed as follows:—At Cumberland, one company; New Creek, one company, infantry, Howe's battery artillery, (one company,) and one company of cavalry, (the Ringgold cavalry, of Washington county, Pa.); at Potomac bridge, twelve miles from Oakland, one regiment; at Oakland, one company; at Cheat river bridge, two companies; at Rowelsburg, two companies; at Grafton, four companies of infantry and two of cavalry; at Weston, one company; at Fairmount, one company; at Monnington, one company; at Wheeling, three companies. The balance are scattered at various bridges along the route, and the whole body is continually changing, as their services may be demanded, to different exposed points.

SECOND DIVISION.—The second, or main division of the army, occupy from Beverly to the Cheat Mountain Pass, and number about eleven thousand men, under command of Gen. Reynolds. The advance post, on Sunday morning, the 1st inst., of Gen. Reynold's army occupied a position within several miles of the advance of Gen. Lee's army, although the main bodies of the two armies are about sixteen miles apart. Gen. Reynolds occupies a strong position, and is waiting an attack from Lee, who has an army variously estimated at from 15,000 to 30,000 men, but what his line force is we have no data by which we can form a correct estimate; but it is here thought that he is waiting a junction from Wise and Floyd before he will risk an attack on Gen. Reynolds, who is well known to Gen. Lee as being one of the most able men in the Union army, and was formerly Lee's preceptor at West Point. Here, we consider Reynolds' position a safe one, and, if acting on the defensive, he can repel any force the rebels can bring to bear on his forces.

THIRD DIVISION.—The third division of the army is now at Gauley bridge, on the north branch of the Kanawha, under the immediate charge of Gen. Cox, and numbers about five thousand men; but Gen. Rosecrans left Clarksburg on Sunday with a reinforcement of two thousand five hundred men for Cox's division, under the command of Brigadier-General Benham, who is one of the most distinguished officers in the American army. For twenty-six years he was a Captain of Engineers, and was for ten years a commandant of the Washington Navy Yard. He was twice breveted for his bravery in the Mexican war, and was the Engineer attached to Gen. Morris' staff at the battles at Phillippa and Laurel Hill, and led the advance of Gen. Morris' army at the battle of Carrick's Ford, where the rebel General Garnett was killed. Gen. Rosecrans has ordered him to the command of the advance column of the army in its operations against Gen. Lee. He and Gen. Rosecrans are now at Weston, and in a few days will be at the head of Cox's army, when an advance movement will be made towards Gen. Reynolds. The two bodies will then unite for either defensive or offensive operations, and the good people may rely on it that they need have no apprehensions that Western Virginia will fall into the hands of the enemy, although I admit that there should be a few thousand more men on the line of the railroad between Grafton and Cumberland, which is now the only weak point, as its great importance renders it liable to attack.

Gen. Rosecrans travels with a "telegraph wagon" at the head of his train, containing ladders, tables, wire, instruments, and everything necessary for immediately opening an office anywhere. The whole is in charge of a confidential operator, acquainted with the Government cypher; and the General no sooner orders a halt than the wire is cut, the connection formed, and the operator commences receiving the reports from all parts of the extensive department, and the orders from the War Office at Washington. The army telegraph lines follow the common roads to the principal points in our possession through the country, and a strong force is ready to stretch up the wire as the army moves forward. A letter from Gen. Rosecrans' party, in his present march along the line, dated Weston, says:

"Hardly had the ground for the encampment been selected till a table was set out by the roadside, under the telegraph line, the wire was cut, a connection was effected, and the confidential operator (Mr. Brown, of Lafayette, Indiana,) was calling Clarksburg for dispatches, and receiving orders from the War Department, and reports from the Kanawha, before the General's tent was pitched."

The Hatteras Victory—How the Rebels Feel.

THE Southern journals are in great distress because of the capture of the Hatteras Forts, and are bitterly lamenting their loss. We give extracts from such as have been received:

The Raleigh *Standard* remarks:—It is quite certain that, according to our predictions and warnings for months, our coast is menaced, if not successfully invaded. If we are not prepared fully to meet our foe at the entrance of our inlets, it is not the fault of the *Standard*. We have labored earnestly to direct the attention of the Government to the necessity of full preparation. If there be blame, let it fall where it ought. But we must not give way to complaint. We must up and at them, and drive them from our coast. Gov. Clark will do his utmost to effect that object speedily, and we have no doubt President Davis will promptly meet the case. There is no time for delay.

Under the existing state of affairs, the Raleigh *Register* feels warranted in entertaining the most serious apprehensions for the safety of Newbern, Washington, and in fact the entire coast. The editor says:—Col. Campbell's regiment, recently stationed at Graham, and originally destined for Virginia, was sent to Newbern on Wednesday. The Charlotte Artillery left their camp here on Thursday for the same destination. The Wilmington Artillery, now at Camp Boylan, and under marching orders for Virginia, have been detained here until it can be ascertained if their services are needed on the coast. Had the earnest and repeated advice of Gen. Gwynn, Capt. Crossan, and other officers been heeded, there would now be five thousand men on our coast."

Recent events coming home to our own State, says the Wilmington *Journal*, hovering over our own coast, threatening our own homes, approaching our own doors, will go far to show whether we were panic-stricken who we appealed so strongly for the construction of efficient works for the defence of our coast. Over and over again have we sounded the alarm, until we made ourselves odious to the complacent head men about the Capitol—a thing which we regretted, but for which we did not reproach ourselves. Can those who so vehemently did not like our course say that they have nothing with which to reproach themselves? If they do, who will believe them?

The Goldsborough *Transcript* admits ignorance of the designs of the enemy, but says "if they intend to demonstrate an invasion, let them *come*, if they can, we say—the Confederates will teach them how to go, as they have in every case of conflict, of any importance, since the first inroads of the ruffianly host. They have the advantage of us in the marine, that may skulk about the coast and annoy us—but let them come in contact whenever they dare, and we have no fears for the result. This event will perhaps give our boys something to do, who are ready and anxious to do something.

The Newbern *News* evidently thinks "the boys who are ready and anxious to do something" will have a chance, and calls upon the Carolinians thus:—Men of Eastern Carolina, arouse! We have warned you heretofore, but many of you heeded not. Now your property, your homes, and your families are in danger! Come, to your arms, and drive the invaders from your soil. A little preparation might have saved this disaster; but now it is too late, and we must make the most of it. Let the militia be called to aid the regular forces, and if the Hessians dare advance, let us make them rue it. We can, we must! To arms! To arms!

A copy of the Richmond *Whig* has a most sarcastic article on the capture of the Hatteras Forts, censuring, by implication, the Confederate authorities, and which commences in this style:

"Let us imitate the Nutmeg Chinese, by all means. The fort has been taken. Many hundreds of men surrendered. Valuable officers have become prisoners. A large amount of powder has been captured. The most important part of our coast for privateering purposes is in the hands of the enemy, and the gallant North State is now liable to invasion. It is a small matter. It will take 30,000 men to regain the fort, but that is nothing. What do we want with it?

It was built for fun, evidently. Had we been in earnest, some notice would have been taken of the Northern papers. It would be the height of folly and treason to accuse any member of the Cabinet of negligence in the premises.

We who live at the seat of government know too well the superhuman energy, sleepless vigilance, and miraculous promptitude of every department, to entertain for a moment a shadow of suspicion of any short-coming on the part of any one near or remotely connected with the administration. Picayune Butler can now leave as many men as he pleases in the forts of North Carolina. Of course we will whip them; for have we not the greatest of unarmed militia?"

Richmond and Memphis papers of the 5th, and Charleston and New Orleans of the 4th, and Nashville of the 6th inst., have been received via. Louisville. The panic produced by the capture of the Hatteras forts continues to rage all along the Gulf coast. The papers clamorously demand the strengthening the sea coast defences of the rebel government. Their terror is greatly increased by constant reports of further aggressive movements of the Union army. Large numbers of families are flying from Wilmington, and all the women and children have been removed from Newbern. A regiment of infantry and two batteries hurried to the defence of the latter point.

Evidently, from the tone of the Richmond papers, the threatening of the Gulf coast will produce a change of strategy on the part of the rebel government, and offensive steps are not likely to be taken by the army of the Potomac for some time.

The Lower House of the North Carolina Legislature refused, by a large majority, to pass an act reconvening the Convention that passed the Secession ordinance. The refusal produced a storm of denunciation by the secession papers, which declare that it will produce internecine strife in the old North State.

Sickness still fearfully prevails in the rebel army in Virginia. At Lynchburg, Richmond, Fredericksburg, and Leesburg, over five thousand men are in the hospitals. The small pox is raging violently. The medical authorities publish urgent appeals to physicians throughout the rebel States, to forward immediately all disposable vaccine matter to Richmond.

Commodores Barron and Stringham.

COMMODORE BARRON was almost born and rocked in the cradle of the United States Government. By that Government he was educated, clothed, and fed, and pampered, from early childhood to the date of his entrance into the service of the gang of rebels bent on doing their best to break up and destroy the Government. He has for many years assumed to be above other officers of the Navy of the United States, and other people generally, in military or civil life—a sort of upper-tendom F. F. V. He was a member of the Barron family, and managed to get his father's pension for serving in the Virginia Navy in the war of the Revolution, paid by the Government, in the sum of $9,000, when the account was closed; and second, when Mr. Thomas Ewing was Secretary of the Interior, he was induced to re-open the account, and pay some $47,000 additional pension money. The case was investigated by a Committee of Congress, and acted on, which had the effect to stop the payment of any more of that class of super-extravagant pension claims by the Interior Department. Commodore Barron was an active and a poisonous member of the never-to-be-forgotten Naval Board of Fifteen, which sat during the Pierce Administration, and struck down such officers of the United States Navy as the members had a grudge or old scores against, while they retained such favorites of, and toadies to, the members of the aforesaid Board of Fifteen, as they chose to retain, without any particular regard to merit, sobriety, or qualifications. By the action of the Board every one of its members obtained promotion. Commodore Stewart, "Old Ironsides," was retired, and Commander Barron was made a Commodore.

After the attack upon and capture of the rebel forts at Hatteras Inlet, when the first salutations were made between the United States officers and Commodore Barron, he asked "how many were killed on the fleet?" The answer was "None." "How many were wounded?" "None," was the reply. "Why," he exclaimed, "you astonish me. I thought that to capture these forts it would cost a thousand lives, and it would be cheap at that."

When Commodore Barron and his officers descended to the deck of the flag ship Minnesota, where Commodore Stringham was stationed on the quarter-deck to receive him, General Butler presented Barron to the gallant old Commodore, saying, "Commodore Barron! Commodore Stringham." The latter, raising himself up to his full height, looked the traitor straight in the eye, and barely inclining his head, replied, "I have seen Mr. Barron before." Barron, who has always prided himself on the *hauteur monde*, fairly winced under the whole volume of honest sarcasm contained in that look and sentence.

Movements at the West.

KENTUCKY seems to be waking up. Gov. Magoffin issued the following proclamation on the 14th inst.:

> In obedience to the subjoined resolutions, adopted by the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, the Government of the Confederate States, the State of Tennessee, and all others concerned, are informed that Kentucky expects the Confederate or Tennessee troops to be withdrawn from her soil unconditionally.

This was after the proposition of the rebel General, POLK, who wished both the Federal and Confederate forces to withdraw, each giving bonds not to pass within the borders of Kentucky during the war.

A lot of medicines and soldiers' buttons, amounting to $6,000, were seized in Louisville on the 14th. They were being smuggled to the rebel States.

In the Senate on the 15th, Mr. Whitaker introduced a resolution authorizing the Military Board to seize the State arms, wherever found, and to supply a sufficient police to protect the railroads.

General Polk has issued the following proclamation:

> The Federal Government having, in defiance of the wishes of the people of Kentucky, disregarded their neutrality, by establishing camps, depots of armies, and by organizing military companies within their territory, and by constructing military works on the Missouri shore, immediately opposite and commanding Columbus, evidently intended to cover the landing of troops for the seizure of that town, it has become a military necessity for the defence of the territory of the Confederate States, that the Confederates occupy Columbus in advance. The Major General commanding has, therefore, not felt himself at liberty to risk the loss of so important a position, but has decided to occupy it. In pursuance of this decision he has thrown sufficient force into the town, and they are ordered to fortify it.
>
> It is gratifying to know that the presence of his troops is gratifying to the people of Columbus, and that on this occasion they assure them that every precaution shall be taken to insure them in the protection of their property, with personal and corporate rights. LEONIDAS POLK.
>
> Columbus, Sept. 4, 1861.

The Chattanooga (Tenn.) *Gazette*, of the 11th, says that a Union camp was forming about 10 miles north of Chattanooga. A huge Union flag had been raised with a sword suspended over it. About 300 men are encamped and drill regularly.

Advices from North-Western Missouri state that since the withdrawal of the Federal troops from St. Joseph, the rebels in that region have commenced arming again. Some 2,000 rebels are concentrating in Andrews county, under Maj. Potter, and about the same number of Unionists, composed of Missourians and Iowans, under Cols. Cranor and Edwards, are stationed in the same region. Both sides are preparing for battle, and one is shortly expected. Tom Haines, with 1,600 men, crossed the Missouri river at Arrow Creek, on Tuesday last, bound for Gen. Price's army. Six hundred secessionists, under Col. Hull, were marching toward Glasgow on Wednesday, to cross the river and join Martin Green's force.

The rebels camp at Lick's Creek, Monroe county, was broken up by the Federal troops on the 8th, and it is reported that 500 rebels were captured. Another camp, at Spencerburg, Pike county, was broken up on the 9th, and 16 secessionists taken prisoners.

The fight at Boonville on the 13th, terminated in a victory to the Home Guards under Maj. Eppstein, who held their intrenchments. The rebels, 1,000 strong, were driven back, and were in the neighborhood of Boonville when the Sioux City passed. The Home Guards lost one man killed and four wounded. The rebels lost twelve killed and eighty wounded. Among the rebels killed were Col. Brown and Capt. Brown.

A reliable correspondent of the St. Louis Democrat, writing from Ironton, on the 13th inst., furnishes the following intelligence:

A messenger from Col. Mulligan's command at Lexington, reports that Gen. Price's advance guard reached Warrensburg on Tuesday, and Claib. Jackson made them a speech. Gen. Price claims to have 16,000 men, and that his main body is approaching Lexington. This messenger brings an official account of a skirmish between the rebels and General Lane's forces, dated Fort Bledsoe, near Fort Scott, September 4th, the substance of which is as follows:

He says immediately after leaving Springfield, he dispatched Gen. Raines to clear the counties bordering on Kansas of the marauding bands which had been devastating that section of the country; that he himself advanced to Raines' assistance, and their combined force encountered, at Big Dry Wood Creek, the forces under Lane, Montgomery, and Jennison, and after a brisk skirmish of an hour and a quarter, the Federal troops retreated, and were pursued by his troops about three miles. He states his loss at three killed and twenty wounded, and says they buried three of Lane's men. He concludes by saying the enemy have continued to retreat northward from Fort Scott, which post they have abandoned, and adds, this relieves me of the necessity of pursuing them into Kansas, the soil of which I am unwilling to invade, unless her citizens shall provoke me to do so, by committing renewed outrages on the people of this State, and in that event I shall not only cross the border, but will lay waste their farms, and utterly destroy the cities and towns of that State.

The correspondent adds, while this shows that there has been more skirmishing in the border, it does not prove that the rebels have gained any advantage; but on the contrary, it would appear that they found a force too strong for them, and giving up their plan of advancing into Kansas, turned upon the weaker force at Lexington. Their design now is, evidently, first to take Lexington, and then bring Claib. Jackson here.

Jeff. Thompson has issued a proclamation, in which, as a retaliatory measure for Gen. Fremont's proclaimed intentions, he threatens for every member of the Southern forces, or citizen soldier of Missouri executed, to hang, draw, and quarter a minion of Abraham Lincoln.

Capt. Foster, of Col. Hawkins' Franklin County Home Guards, brought seven prisoners to St. Louis on the 13th, who were captured from Gen. Hardee's army. They report that a fight had occurred at Hardee's camp, between the Louisianians and Missourians, in reference to the conduct of the Missourians in the battle of Springfield—the Louisianians charging the Missourians with cowardice, and treating them as cowards. The Louisianians charge that while they were fighting, the Missourians actually stole all their horses and fled. Gen. Hardee is falling back on the Pocahontas, and the Missourians were dispersing.

These men left Gen. Hardee's camp with the intention of returning home under Gov. Gamble's proclamation, and becoming good citizens, but were informed here that the Governor's proclamation was abridged by the declaration of Martial law.

Department of the East.

A LARGE party started from Washington at 7 o'clock A. M. on the 11th for Chain Bridge, under Col. Stevens, of the New York Highlanders. As our skirmishers advanced the enemy's pickets retired beyond Loudonsville, about seven miles from Chain Bridge. Our troops having accomplished their errand connected with the reconnoisance of the country, began to retrace their steps, when a large force of rebels, consisting of two regiments of infantry and Col. Stewart's regiment of cavalry, with a battery of four pieces, was seen approaching. The rebel battery opened with shell, which was replied to by Griffin's battery. Several rounds were fired, when our troops ceased firing for twenty minutes, to give the rebels an opportunity of meeting them on the open field, the rebels being in the woods. Our forces then resumed the action with shot and shell and soon silenced the rebel battery. The rebels scattered, and a number were seen reeling from their saddles. Three were killed belonging to the 15th Indiana regiment. Lieut. Hancock is supposed to be killed. There were two killed of the third Vermont regiment, and four wounded.

Gen. McClellan's dispatch to the Secretary of War is very brief. He merely says that Gen. Smith made a reconnoisance with 2,000 men to Lewinsville and remained there several hours and completed their examination of the ground. When the work was completed and the command had started back, the enemy opened fire with shell, by which two men were killed and three wounded. Griffin's battery, he says, silenced that of the enemy, and our men came back in perfect order and excellent spirits. The General says our men behaved most admirably under the fire. He concludes by remarking, "We shall have no more Bull Run affairs."

The Sanitary Commission have strongly urged upon the War Department an increase of the Hospital accommodations here, to the extent of 15,000 beds fitted up.

Adjutant-General Thomas has decided that under no circumstances whatever will soldiers be discharged from the army on the allegation that they were minors when they enlisted.

By order of the War Department the grand Camp of Instruction at Hempstead, L. I., has been named in honor of the gallant Lieut.-Gen. Winfield Scott. Gen. Sherman has already taken up his quarters on the ground, and a telegraph office has been opened at his headquarters, thus connecting with headquarters at Washington and all parts of the country, which will be largely availed of by the officers and soldiers there encamped.

Gen. McClellan pardoned private Wm. Scott, of Co. K, 3d Vermont volunteers, who was sentenced to be shot for sleeping on his post while sentinel on picket guard. The General's orders are to the effect that the Commanding Officers of the Brigade, of the Regiment, of the Company of the condemned, together with many other officers and privates of his regiment, had earnestly appealed to the Major-General to spare the life of the offender, and the President of the United States had also expressed a wish that as this is the first condemnation in this army for this crime, mercy may be extended to the criminal. This fact, viewed in connection with the inexperience of the condemned, his previous good conduct and general good character, and the urgent entreaties made in his behalf, have determined the Major-General to grant the pardon so earnestly prayed for. This act of freedom must not be understood as a precedent for any future case. The duty of a sentinel is of such a nature, that a neglect by sleeping upon or deserting his post may endanger the safety of the command, and even the whole army, and all nations affix the penalty of death. The pardon was read to the regiment, which heartily expressed their appreciation of this act of executive clemency.

Southern dates to the 10th have been received. The army of Generals Johnston and Beauregard, lately known as the army of the Potomac, has been divided into two corps, the first commanded by Gen. Beauregard, the second by Gen. Johnston. Gen. Johnston ranks Beauregard by seniority, and has a right to the supreme command, but waived it and issued no order without full consultation and consent of Beauregard. The Richmond papers are full of doleful descriptions of the ravages of sickness in the army of the Potomac. The rebel corps most advanced towards the Union line are regularly relieved by forces from the center of the army. Gen. Beauregard allows no civilians whatever to visit the camps between Manassas and the Potomac.

In view of the increasing importance of Fortress Monroe as a basis of offensive operations against the Confederates, there is to be a large increase in the military and naval forces.

The steamer S. R. Spaulding left the Fortress on the 10th for Hatteras Inlet with re-enforcements. The steamer Baltimore is also on the way with naval stores.

The appointment of Gen. Reynolds to the chief command at Hatteras Inlet, gives entire satisfaction at Old Point.

Under Gen. Wool's command, the army is obtaining a good degree of discipline.

Commander Rowan has written a letter to the Secretary of the Navy, dated U. S. steamer Pawnee, Hatteras Inlet, Sept. 5th, of which the following is an extract: In a communication addressed to the Commander-in-Chief at Hampton Roads, I informed him that I forwarded seven of the fugitives in the Peabody, to be landed at Hampton Roads, supplying them with provisions to last them. Another of the fugitives of this party is retained to act as pilot in these waters should his services be required. From the best information I can obtain, ten regiments have been re-called to defend the State. The secessionists residing near the water are deserting their residences, and seeking shelter in the interior. The poorer classes are remaining, waiting for protection to avow their Union sentiments. A meeting was called in Washington village on the night of the 1st inst., when it was decided to defend that point.

A battle took place on the 10th inst., at 3 P. M., near Summerville, in Western Virginia. Gen. Rosencranz, after making a reconnoisance, found Floyd's army 5,000 strong, with 16 field pieces, intrenched in a powerful position, on top of a mountain, at Conifex Ferry, on the west side of Gauley river. The rear and extremes of both flanks were inaccessible, and the front was masked with heavy forests and close jungles. Col. Lytle's Ohio Tenth, of Gen. Benham's Brigade, was in the advance, and drove a strong detachment of the enemy out of their camp, this side of the position, the site of which was unknown. Shortly afterwards his scouts, consisting of four companies, suddenly discovered themselves in the face of a parapet battery and a long line of palisades for riflemen, when the battle opened fiercely. The remainder of the Tenth and Thirteenth Ohio Regiments were brought into action successively by Gen. Benham, and the Twelfth afterwards by Captain Hartsuff, whose object was an armed reconnoisance. The enemy played upon our forces terrifically with musketry, rifles, cannister and shell, causing some casualties. Col. Lytle led several companies of Irish to charge a battery, when he was brought down by a shot in the leg. Col. Smith's 13th Ohio engaged the enemy on the left, and Col. Lowe's 12th Ohio directly in front. Lowe fell dead at the head of his regiment early in the hottest of the fire, by a ball in the forehead. McMullen's howitzer battery and Snyder's two field pieces meantime got into the best position possible, under the circumstances, and soon silenced two rebel guns.

Fire slackened at intervals, but grew more furious as night approached, when the German brigade was led valiantly into action by Col. McCook, under the direction of Adjutant-General Hartsuff, but after a furious fight of three hours, he ordered a recall of the troops, and the men lay on their arms within a short distance of the enemy, each ready to resume the contest next morning. The thief Floyd fled in the night, sunk boats in the river, and destroyed a temporary bridge which he made when he first occupied the position. The turbulence and depth of the river, and the exhaustion of our troops, made it impossible to follow him. He left his camp equipage, wagons and horses, large quantities of ammunition and fifty head of cattle. Our loss is 15 killed and 70 wounded, generally flesh wounds. The rebel loss is not ascertained. They carried their dead and wounded with them. Their loss was certainly serious.

Twenty-five of Col. Tyler's men who were taken by Floyd at Cross Lane were re-captured. Floyd's personal baggage with that of his officers were taken.

The following is Gen. Rosencranz' official report:

To Col. E. D. Townsend.,
CAMP SCOTT—11 P. M.

> We yesterday marched seventeen and a half miles, and reached the enemy's intrenched position in front of Conifex Ferry, his advanced posts and pickets before us. We found him occupying a strongly intrenched position, covered by a forest too dense to admit its being seen at a distance of 300 yards. His force was five regiments besides the one driven in.
>
> At 3 o'clock we made strong reconnoisance and attacked the position on flank and front, but night coming on and our troops being completely exhausted, I drew them out of the woods and posted them in order of battle behind the ridges immediately in front of the enemy's position, where they rested on their arms till morning. Shortly afterwards a runaway contraband came in and reported that the enemy had crossed the Gauley during the night by means of a ferry and bridge which they had completed. Col. Ewing was ordered to take possession of the camp, which he did at about 7 o'clock, capturing a few prisoners, two stand of colors, a considerable quantity of arms, with quartermaster's stores, messing and camp equipage.
>
> The enemy have destroyed the bridge across the Gauley, which here reaches through a deep gorge, and our troops being still much fatigued, and having no material for the immediate re-placing of the bridge, it was thought prudent to encamp our troops and occupy the ferry, and capture the camp, sending a few rifled cannon shots after the enemy to produce a moral effect.
>
> Our loss will probably amount to 20 killed and 100 wounded. The enemy's loss has not been ascertained, but from report, it must have been considerable. W. S. ROSENCRANZ.

The telegraph from Clarksburgh, on the 13th inst., says:—The rebels commenced an advance on both points yesterday A. M. towards Elk Water and Cheat Mountain Summit. They succeeded in surrounding the fort on the summit and cut the telegraph wire. They continued to advance on Elk Water until within a few miles of our troops, when a few shells from Loomis's battery dispersed them. Skirmishing was kept up all night. This morning a regiment was sent to cut their way through to Summit, and succeeded, the rebels retreating in all directions. Two rebel officers spying around the camp at Elkwater, this morning, were surprised by our pickets and were shot. The body of one was brought into camp and it proved to be that of Col. John A. Washington, of Mount Vernon.

A balloon reconnoisance on the 14th inst. developed the fact that the body of the enemy that advanced last night fell back behind Munson's Hill; that there are also large masses of rebels at Centreville and Fairfax, and that the main body of the rebel army has fallen back to Manassas, and is now encamped there. Some think the rebels are breaking up camp between here and Manassas, and made the move forward to engage our attention while they removed their cannon towards Manassas. The general belief is, however, that they intend to give battle somewhere upon our lines within forty-eight hours.

By telegraph from Fortress Monroe on the 14th inst., we learn there was a prospect of an engagement the night previous at Newport News. About 4 P. M. the steamer Yorktown came to within three miles and opened fire upon the camp, and the blockading squadron, consisting of the Savannah, Cumberland, and the gun-boat Louisiana. She fired twenty-five shells, one of which exploded near the Savannah, and the others fell considerably short. The guns of the Cumberland and the Savannah could not reach the Yorktown, but a couple of shells from Sawyer's gun on shore caused her to retire. One of the shells exploded three-fourths of a mile beyond the steamer. A Frenchman managed to escape from the Yorktown. He states that she has been watching for some time for an opportunity to run the blockade, and that the loyalty of many of the crew was suspected.

The steamer S. R. Spaulding returned from Hatteras Inlet this morning. The Susquehannah and Pawnee still remain there. The former had sustained but little damage in the collision with the gun-boat Fanny. The Spaulding brought the remnant of Col. Webb's regiment and nearly one thousand stand of arms which were captured at Hatteras, and a dozen prisoners who were taken from the prizes taken at Hatteras Inlet.

Our troops at the inlet have mounted all the guns and rendered those effective which had been spiked by the Confederates before their surrender. No intelligence of importance has been received from the sound or from the main land. Gen. Reynolds has arrived at Old Point, and will proceed to-morrow by the steamer Spaulding to assume command at Hatteras Inlet.

Affairs at Washington.

THE Government is in receipt of valuable information by the last steamer, relating to the present stock of cotton in English warehouses, and the prospect of a supply from other sources than the rebel States. This information leaves no room to doubt that the Manchester Mills will be able to run on full time for an entire year, even without touching a pound of the new crop. The information obtained from the Spinner's Association has greatly and agreeably surprised the manufacturers, and led them to soften down very much in their demand for a speedy termination of the war.

Government is about to investigate the alleged frauds committed upon it by the sale of horses furnished for it by Pennsylvania contractors.

The following order has been addressed to the Paymaster-General by the War Department:

> You will arrange for the payment of volunteers as directed by the provisions of the act of Congress relating thereto, dated July 24th, and as amended August 16th, 1861, viz:
>
> When organized and accepted by the Governors of the several States, without regard to date of mustering into the service of the United States, provided payment has not been made the respective States for which the Government will eventually be liable.
>
> When volunteer regiments have been accepted by the War Department upon what is termed independent acceptances, you will allow pay from the date of organization of each company with minimum number, with general satisfaction in each case to be furnished by our Department before payment is made.
>
> SIMON CAMERON, Secretary of War.

A telegram to the Post-Office Department from St. Louis, says that no mails have yet passed over the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, and that the prospect of renewal of the service on the route is bad.

The Government has been paying out more than $2,000,000 per day, for several days, on account of the war.

The 6th Auditor has received answers to circulars sent to prominent Union men in Missouri, Kentucky, and Maryland, from which it appears that a very large number of mail contractors in these States are rebels. No money will be paid those who are disloyal.

Mr. H. Bird, late a clerk in the War Department, had arrived at Richmond, and offered to supply the rebel government with information as to matters at Washington, but was arrested as a spy. He has been suspected here of having left his post in the War Department to furnish the enemy with information of our movements.

The Postmaster-General has assumed as an additional protection to the postal revenue, the exclusive issue of the stamped envelopes containing the new imprint of the dissolving lines. This envelope cannot be manufactured by the ordinary machinery, and is not therefore liable to imitation by the insurgents.

The Government has received advices from Trinidad, dated August 7th, which show that on the 30th of July the privateer Sumpter sailed boldly into the harbor, and reported herself to the authorities of that Island as being on a cruise. She was last from Puerto Cabello, and since she succeeded in getting out of the Mississippi river, had already captured no less than eleven American vessels. The Sumpter had landed eight prisoners in a destitute condition. Contributions were made for their immediate wants, and care would be taken of them until they could be shipped to the United States. The Sumpter remained there to the 5th ult., and was allowed to supply herself with coal and other outfit. The British flag was hoisted on the Government flag-staff for her arrival, and the officers of the British vessel Cardiness appeared to be on admirable terms with those of the Sumpter. The merchant who supplied the coal did it with the consent and approval of the acting General. There had been no American Consul at Trinidad for many months.

The Secretary had addressed the following letter to Daniel Lord, Esq., of New York:

> DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
> WASHINGTON, September 10, 1861.
>
> SIR:—I have received your letter of yesterday, relating to Algeron S. Sullivan, a political prisoner, now in custody at Fort Lafayette. This Department is possessed of treasonable correspondence of that person, which no right or privileges of a lawyer or counsel can justify or excuse. The public safety will not admit of his being discharged. In view of the many representations made to me in this case, I pray you excuse me for giving this letter to the public.
>
> With great respect,
> Your obd't serv't,
> WM. H. SEWARD.

About the 1st of October the Post-Office Department will substitute the ruled envelope for the unruled, without additional charge to the public.

Dispatches from Washington during the past week, stating that Gen. FREMONT had been superseded in the command of the Western Department, caused great excitement throughout the North, but these are now declared to be false. On the 11th inst. the President mailed the following letter to General F., at St. Louis:

> WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 11th, 1861.
> *Major General John C. Fremont.*
>
> SIR:—Yours of the 8th, in answer to mine of the 2d inst., is just received, assuring me that you upon the ground could better judge of the necessity of your position than I could at this distance. On seeing your proclamation of August 30th, I perceived no general objection to it. The particular objectionable clause, however, in relation to confiscation of property, was the liberation of slaves. It appeared to me to be objectionable on account of its non-conformity to act of Congress passed the 8th of August, on the same subject. Hence I wrote to you, expressing my wish that that clause should be modified accordingly. Your answer just received expresses the preference on your part that I should make an open order for the modification, which I very cheerfully do.
>
> It is therefore ordered that the said clause of said proclamation be so modified, held, and construed as to conform with and not transcend the provisions on the same subject contained in the act of Congress, entitled "An Act to confiscate property used for insurrectionary purposes," approved August 6th, 1861, and that said act be published at length with this order.
>
> Your obedient servant,
> A. LINCOLN.

The President and Secretary of State have been in receipt of a number of petitions from New York and Philadelphia calling for the expulsion of LL. D. Russell, the *Times* correspondent, on the ground that he is a public enemy who should not be tolerated in this crisis of our affairs.

The National Loan is succeeding beyond expectation. Several hundred subscription agents were appointed last week in nearly every loyal State, including Virginia and Kentucky. A considerable number have already accepted and sent in their bonds. The others will probably be at work this week. The subscriptions of the people have exceeded nine millions, and their co-operation will doubtless enable the banks to take the next installment of fifty millions, and supply all the money necessary for the vigorous prosecution of the war. The Administration feels the importance of justifying by vigor and integrity the confidence manifested by the masses. Wasteful expenditures and corrupt contracts, by which alone the security of the working men who invest their earnings in the loan can be impaired, will be vigorously suppressed.

Mr. Tassara, the Spanish Minister, has called to assure the Secretary of State that the report from Charleston that the Captain General of Cuba has issued a proclamation recognizing the rebel flag, is untrue. What has happened is, that vessels from any port in the United States, in possession of the rebels, coming into a port with irregular papers, are admitted, *ex necessitate*, without notice of their regularity, just as they have been admitted into other ports since the rebels obtained possession of the Custom Houses in the insurgent States. It is needless to say that no such vessels can be abroad without escaping the blockading force. There is no recognition of a rebel flag in Spanish ports, or in any other ports.

The people of Washington were astonished one day last week, to see one of the beautiful wooded hills in the vicinity of that city suddenly bald-headed. It appears that an immense earth-work has been erected on the hill top, and in one night the forest which masked it was cut away. Where, in the evening, there had been, to all appearance, only a peaceful grove, there appeared next morning a fort.

The following dispatch was received at the Navy Department on the 14th inst.:

> UNITED STATES STEAMER PAWNEE,
> HATTERAS INLET, Sept. 10, 1861.
>
> SIR: I have to state, for the information of the Department, that I have taken a valuable prize this morning, now called the Susan Jane, of Nevis, W. I. This schooner was called the Charles McCees, and she cleared at Newbern, N. C., two days before the blockade went into effect on this coast. She took a cargo of spirits of turpentine to the West Indies; at Nevis Island obtained an English register, but without a bill of sale, or indorsement of any kind on the part of the master or agent, and without any other paper required under the English law. She sailed from Nevis to Halifax, N. S., and then took on board an assorted cargo, consisting of blankets, cloth, iron, steel, brogans, &c., all of which were purchased in New York and Boston, as is shown by bills of lading from different leading houses in those cities. I send the prize to Philadelphia or New York, at the discretion of the prize master, Lieut. Crosby, so he may be authorized to enter the port most accessible at this stormy period of the year. I send all the papers found on board of the prize, in charge of Lieut. Crosby, to be handed to the proper admiralty officer; also Capt. Ireland and four of the crew. I shall detain for the present two passengers, believed to be supercargoes, and also the mate, when his duty is completed.
>
> I have to request that Lieut. Crosby may be permitted to return to his important duties at this place as Post-Captain, under the orders of Gen. Wool. I send Lieut. Crosby on board the prize, because he is an important witness of what occurred after we boarded the schooner. This vessel, unlike the three already captured, stood in under belief that the forts were still in the hands of the enemy. The Pawnee, showing no colors, was taken for an English cruiser, and vessels were not boarded until they were inside the bar. We are beginning to see signs of the enemy on the southwest side of the entrance, where it is believed a picket guard is stationed to watch our movements. I inclose a letter found among the papers of the so-called Susan Jane, which may give the Department some idea of the policy pursued in Nova Scotia.
>
> I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
> J. C. ROWAN,
> Commander United States Navy.
>
> To GIDEON WELLES, Secretary of the Navy.

The list of vessels captured at Hatteras Inlet is as follows:—Schooners Susan Jane, Ocean Wave, Harriet Ryan, and Mary Ware.

The News Condenser.

— There are fifteen female rebels under arrest at Washington.

— Diptheria is making fearful ravages in some towns in Vermont.

— The Memphis Bulletin is reduced to the size of a sheet of foolscap.

— Look out for new three dollar counterfeits on the bank of Hartford.

— The new Sultan is about to take a pleasure trip to Paris and London.

— Gen. Lyon's will gives all his property, some $30,000, to the Government.

— The great hotels in New York are about to reduce their prices to $2 per day.

— The salaries of the employes in the Patent office have been reduced 20 per cent.

— A bear weighing nearly 300 pounds was killed in Pittsford, Vt., Thursday week.

— The Erie canal has delivered at New York, since May 1st, 30,000,000 bushels of grain.

— Emigrants, to the number of 60,000, have arrived at New York this year from Europe.

— An attempt was made a few nights ago to assassinate Gov. Pierrepont, of Virginia.

— There are 37 U. S. officers now in Cincinnati on business connected with the Government.

— The Boston Journal says that a lobster weighing 53 lbs. has been captured at Chelsea Beach.

— The first bale of new cotton was sold in Augusta, Ga., a few days since, at 12 cents per pound.

— The men of Col. Garr's (New York) regiment sent home to their families, last week, about $7,000.

— Twenty four bales of Nicaragua cotton have arrived at New York, the first shipment to this country.

— The Canadian papers state that desertions from the British army are becoming alarmingly frequent.

— The Democrats of Minnesota have united with the Republicans for the formation of a Union ticket.

— G. W. Rand, of Littleton, has been appointed U. S. District Attorney for the District of New Hampshire.

— Mr. Anthony Trollope, the popular English novelist, arrived at Boston with his lady in the last steamer.

— Eighty car loads of powder lately passed through Harrisburg, *en route* to Missouri, for Gen. Fremont's army.

— The Mexicans now claim Gen. Beauregard as a countryman, the son of one of their bandits named Beregaillo.

— Chills and fever are unusually prevalent on the Mississippi, on account of the scarcity of calomel and quinine.

— The cranberry crop of Massachusetts will be very small this year, in consequence of the ravages of the fruit worm.

— By an order of the War Department, the reward for the apprehension of deserters has been reduced from $30 to $5.

— A letter from Missouri states that as many as twenty-five thousand slaves, owned by rebel masters, will be set free.

— A re-enforcement of eight hundred troops was sent from Washington to Fort Hatteras, at Hatteras Inlet, on Sunday week.

— Thirty clerks are constantly employed signing the new issue of treasury notes. They labor until nine o'clock every night.

— The London Globe announces that the army in Canada is about to be re-enforced by 22,000 men during the present month.

— The number of slaves in Missouri, in 1860, was about 120,000, or a little more than one-tenth of the entire population.

— There is an English baronet in the United States service out West, young, rich, and warlike, and named Sir John Murray.

— The funeral of General Lyon took place on the 6th inst., at Eastford, Connecticut. Fifteen thousand people were present.

— Mrs. Mary Beers, aged 00, and the last Revolutionary pensioner in the county of New Haven, Conn., died on the 5th inst.

— The Adams Express Company have brought in all 95 car loads of war material through Columbus to Gen. Fremont at St. Louis.

— In Chicago, on Thursday week, nearly two hundred thousand old postage stamps and stamped envelopes were destroyed.

— The whole number of prisoners now in Fort Lafayette is forty nine, three of whom are Baltimore Police Commissioners.

— The Governor of Pennsylvania has decided upon putting Fort Mifflin in complete order, and a number of men have been engaged.

— The privateer Jeff. Davis was wrecked August 18th, on the bar of St. Augustine, Florida, and the crew have arrived at Charleston.

— Three hundred and thirty-three vessels entered the port of New York, and four hundred and twenty-two cleared, during last month.

— Brigadier General Slocum, of the Onondaga regiment, has been assigned to the command of a division in the column of Gen. Rosecrans.

— Forty thousand dollars, belonging to parties in the Confederate States, were seized last week at the Park Bank, N. Y., by Marshal Murray.

— Rev. Dr. Bethune is about to retire from his pastoral charge in New York. He will go to Italy, where he will make his future home.

— On Wednesday week the amount of money paid into the Sub-Treasury at New York, as individual subscriptions to the loan, was over $800,000.

— The New Orleans Picayune says the heavy growth of grass in some of the streets in that city "would pay the mower for his trouble."

— Among the advantages of the conquest of Hatteras Inlet, is the command of the whole tar, pitch, turpentine, and lumber regions of the State.

— Light-houses on Cape Florida and at Jupiter Inlet—the latter a new and costly structure—have been blown up and destroyed by the rebels.

— St. Louis is now the most orderly city in the U. S. The liquor stores have been shut up by the Provost Marshal, and there is no drunkenness.

— The prisons of Memphis are said to be full of Union men and women—some of whom were grossly ill-treated before and after incarceration.

— Another comet is reported to have been observed in England, about the 20th of August, whose right ascension is 13h. 54m., and declination 47°.

— A man called at a jewelry shop in Greenfield, Mass., last week, for a watch which he left there twelve years ago to be repaired. The watch was done.

— The Federal Court at Clarksburg, Va., adjourned on Saturday week. During the session one hundred and fourteen secessionists were indicted.

— It is supposed that the quantity of hops raised in this State, during the present season, will be from one-half to three quarters the average growth.

— The colors of the 79th regiment N. Y. militia have been restored by Gen. McClellan. The standard was received with demonstrations of heartfelt gratitude.

— Advices from Michigan show that, in a few days, that State will have more than 15,000 men in the field, well clothed and fully armed and equipped.

— The first $100 treasury note issued for the new loan will be sent to *that* patriotic shoemaker in Massachusetts, who didn't want to be hard with Uncle Sam.

— The City Councils of Philadelphia are doing a handsome thing for Generals McClellan and Anderson. At a cost of $1,100, they are to present to each a sword.

— Gen. G. W. M. NUTT, the "man in miniature," called on us last week. He is more *petite* than Tom Thumb, hence a greater curiosity, and quite smart and genteel withal.

☞ ABOUT CLUB TERMS, &c.—We endeavor to adhere strictly to our club rates, which require a certain number of subscribers to get the paper at a specified price—say ten to get it at $1.50 per copy, twenty to get it at $1.25, &c. But, to answer to frequent inquiries, (often in connection with remittances for less than a full club,) we would state that, in cases where from 4 to 6 copies are ordered at $1.50 each, with a reasonable prospect of filling up a club of ten, soon (or at least before April 1st,) we send them—and when the club is completed shall give extra copy and premium. We also send 12 to 18 copies at the rate for 20 ($1.25 per copy,) where the person sending is laboring for and confident of obtaining a full club as above. This we do on account of the hard times, and because we think the clubs will soon be filled, yet, if it were not for the panic, and the high rates of exchange at the West, we should maintain the old rule—requiring the full rate in proportion to number sent, and making deduction when clubs are completed.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office,
Rochester, September 17, 1861.

The rates in all branches of trade are about the same as last noted. Barley has declined. Butter, Eggs, Hay, Straw, and Wool, have each advanced a little. The general tone of the market is dull,—nothing doing except to supply present wants. See table of quotations for specialties.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

Flour and Grain.		Eggs, dozen	9@10c
Flour, winter wheat	$5.00@6.25	Honey, box	10@12c
Flour, spring do.	4.25@4.75	Candles, box	10½@11c
Flour, buckwheat	2.00@2.00	Candles, extra	12@12c
Meal, Indian	90c@$1	**Fruit and Roots.**	
Wheat, Genesee	1.10@1.30	Apples, bushel	38@50c
Best white Canada	1.18@1.20	Apples, dried ℔ lb.	3@4c
Corn, old	42@45c	Peaches, do.	12@12c
Corn, new	42@45c	Cherries, do.	12@12c
Rye, 60 lbs. ℔ bush.	40@45c	Plums, do.	00@8c
Oats, by weight	23@25c	Potatoes	30@35c
Barley	45@50c	**Hides and Skins.**	
Buckwheat	35@40c	Slaughter	5@5c
Beans	1.00@1.25	Calf	6@5c
Meats.		Sheep Pelts	38@50c
Pork, Mess	$14.50@15.00	Lamb Pelts	31@50c
Pork, clear	17.00@18.00	**Seeds.**	
Pork, cwt	5.00@5.50	Clover, bushel	$5.00@5.25
Beef, cwt	4.00@5.00	Timothy	2.00@2.50
Spring lambs each	1.25@1.75	**Sundries.**	
Mutton, carcass	5@6c	Wood, hard	$3.00@5.00
Hams, smoked	9@10c	Wood, soft	3.00@3.00
Shoulders	5@6c	Coal, Lehigh	7.00@7.00
Chickens	8@10c	Coal, Scranton	5.00@5.50
Turkeys	10@11c	Coal, Pittston	5.50@5.50
Geese	40@50c	Coal, Shamokin	5.50@5.50
Ducks ℔ pair	38@44c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
Dairy, &c.		Salt, bbl	1.38@1.42
Butter, roll	10@11c	Hay, ton	7.00@10.00
Butter, firkin	8@9c	Straw, ton	5.00@6.00
Cheese	4@5c	Wool, ℔ lb	28@35c
Lard, tried	8½@9c	Whitefish, half bbl	3.00@3.00
Tallow, rough	4@4½c	Codfish, quintal	4.00@4.50
Tallow, tried	6@6½c	Trout, half bbl	3.00@3.25

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, SEPT. 16.—FLOUR—Market 5@10c better, with a pretty good demand for export and a fair business doing for home consumption. Shipping brands continue scarce.—Sales at $4.50@4.90 for superfine State, $4.95@5.00 for extra do; $4.50@4.60 for superfine Western, $4.65@5.05 for common to medium extra do, $5.15@5.25 for shipping brands extra round hooped Ohio, and $5.45@6.25 for trade brands do,—market closing quiet. Canadian flour in moderate demand and prices better. Sales at $4.75@4.85 for superfine, and $4.90@6.50 for common to choice extra. Rye flour steady, with small sales at $2.50@3.75. Corn meal quiet and in moderate request.—Sales at $2.80 for Western, $2.85 for Jersey, and $3.00@3.10 for Brandywine.

GRAIN—Wheat market opened very firm and quiet, and closed dull and scarcely so firm, but prices are without any material change. The French buyers are holding back. Sales Chicago spring at $1.06@1.08, unsound do, at 90c, Milwaukee club at $1.08@1.11, Northwestern club at $1.09, amber Iowa at $1.12, red State at $1.14@1.17, winter red Western at $1.14@1.20, the latter price for very choice, amber Michigan at $1.22, white Western at $1.25@1.29, white Kentucky at $1.22@1.30, while Missouri at $1.30. Rye very steady and firm, with sales at 65c for State and Western, and 70c for North River. Barley continues dull and nominally unchanged. Barley malt nominal at 70c. Peas quiet and nominal at 80c for Canadian. Corn market rules firmer and prices slightly better, with a fair business doing for export and home consumption. Sales at 49@50c for inferior to fair mixed Western; 51@52c for good to very choice shipping do, and 52c for yellow Western. Oats in moderate demand at 27@29c for Canadian, and 33@34c. for Western and State.

PROVISIONS—Pork quiet, and demand moderate; sales at $14@14.25 for mess, and $9.62½ for prime. Beef dull and unchanged, sales at $4@4.50 for country prime, $5.00@5.50 for country mess, $9.00@11.25 for re-packed mess, and $11.75@13.50 for extra mess. Prime mess beef continues dull and nominally unchanged, at $17@18. Beef hams quiet, sales at $12.50@15.00. Cut meats in fair request, sales at 1½@4¼c for Shoulders, and 5¼@6c for Hams. Smoked meats scarce and very quiet. Bacon dull and nominally unchanged. Lard active and steady; sales at 8@9½c for No. 1 to choice Western. Butter firm and selling at 7@10cts for Ohio, and 11@14 cents for State. Cheese in good request, and selling at 5@7cts for good to very choice.

ASHES—Pots are steady, with sales at $5.25; Pearls sold at the same price—extra lares would bring 12½ cts more.

HOPS—There continues a fair demand for home consumption, and as the receipts of the new crop are yet small, Brewers still buy pretty freely of hops of the growth of 1860. The sales are about 200 bales of this description at 17@23c, as to quality, and 75 bales new crop at 23@26c, cash. The market for growths older than last year is very quiet, the greater part of the stock being held at much higher rates than those now current.

ALBANY, SEPT. 16.—FLOUR AND MEAL—The market opened this morning with an active demand for Flour, and with light receipts holders realized an advance of 10@15c. ℔ bbl. on the current prices of last week upon favorite brands of both State and Western. Corn Meal is very firm, and fair request.

Common to good State	$4.10@4.40
Fancy and extra State	4.40@4.65
Common to good Western	4.50@5.00
Extra Michigan, Wisconsin, Indiana, &c.	5.00@5.25
Extra Ohio	6.00@6.75
Common Canadian	4.00@4.50
Extra Canadian	5.00@6.25
Fancy Genesee	5.00@5.50
Extra Genesee and city brands	6.00@7.00

GRAIN—A firmer market for Wheat with a fair milling demand, sales winter red Michigan at $1.13½ and white Michigan at $1.25@1.26. Corn in active request at better prices, sales mixed Western at 47½@48c, closing very firm with a good demand at the outside figure. Rye firm but quiet. In Barley we notice a sale of 500bu extra bright Monroe county on p. t., supposed to be 70c. Oats in fair request at unchanged prices, sales at 31c for Canada East, and 32½@33c. for State, the latter figure delivered.—*Journal.*

BUFFALO, SEPT. 16.—FLOUR—Market steady. Sales to-day Wisconsin extra at $3.87½@4.37½, Illinois double extra at $4.75, Indiana and Ohio double extra at $5.25@5.75.

GRAIN—Wheat, sales to-day, red winter at $1.01; Chicago spring at 84c, Milwaukee club, on private terms, white Kentucky at $1.13, and Chicago spring at 83c. Corn, sales to-day, at 38c. Oats, last sale at 23½c. Rye, last sale was at 41c. Peas nominal at 50c for prime. Barley nominal at 45@50c. Beans, quoted at 75c@$1.12½.

HOPS—We quote at 23@25c. Sales of 3 bales at inside rates, with light stock on hand. The crop promises to be lighter this year.

SEEDS—Timothy at $1.50@1.75.

PROVISIONS—Market quiet, with small consumptive sales. We quote mess pork at $11, and prime do at $10. Mess beef at $9, prime do. at $8. Hams at 9½@9½c for plain and canvassed.—Shoulders at 5½c. Lard at 8c. Tallow at 8c. Cheese at 7@8c for old, and 5@6c for new.

TORONTO, SEPT. 13.—FLOUR—In Flour the transactions are exceedingly limited. A slight demand exists for superfine, of which grade, however, there is but little offering. We quote as follows, of course nominally:

Superfine	$4.00@4.20
Fancy	4.40@4.50
Extra	4.75@5.00
Double extra	5.25@5.50
Oatmeal ℔ barrel	3.75@3.90

GRAIN—We are at the middle of September with but a very slight improvement in produce, notwithstanding there is more grain in Canada at the present time, including the old and new crop, than there ever was at any former period. The low prices which prevail must check the deliveries. Unlike other seasons, farmers are not so certain to seek a market, and having seldom realised less than $1.20 for the past four years, the disposition is very strong to hold their grain in the hope of a better price than $1@1.10—the present rate for white winter wheat. Barley also comes forward slowly, 40@55c. ℔ bushel seems no temptation for even lots stained sample. The demand is fair for shipment, and will continue so for the malting season, but after, the main purchases must be made before the middle of November.

Of other articles the supply is equally small, calling for no particularization. We append a list of prices:

Wheat, Fall, ℔ bushel	85c@$1.10
" Spring "	75@ 80
Barley	30@ 35
Peas	43@ 45
Oats	19@ 30
Potatoes	28@ 30
Apples, ℔ barrel	$2.00@1.50
Butter, Fresh ℔ lb	15@ 17
" Tub No. 1	9@ 10
Cheese	7@ 9
Eggs, ℔ dozen	8@ 12
Beef, 1st and 2d class	$4.00@5.10
Calves, each	3.00@5.00
Sheep	3.50@4.00
Lambs	2.00@3.00

—*Globe.*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

CAMBRIDGE, SEPT. 11.—At market 859 Cattle, 700 Beeves, and 159 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows and Calves, Yearlings, two and three years old, not suitable for Beef.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $6.25@6.50, first quality, $6.00@5.75, second do, $5.00@0.00, third do, $5.00.

WORKING OXEN—$90, $110@150.

COWS AND CALVES—$21, 30@45.

STORES—Yearlings, $10@12, Two years old, $13@15, Three years old, $17@19.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—4,800 at market. Prices in lots at $1.25@1.75 each, extra and selections $2.17@2.75.

Spring Lambs—None.

HIDES—1½@5c ℔ lb. Tallow, 5@5½c.

PELTS—25c@$1. Calf Skins, 7@8c ℔ lb.

VEAL CALVES—$0@0.

BRIGHTON, SEPT. 12.—At market 930 Beeves, 250 Stores, 4,000 Sheep and Lambs, and 1,100 Swine.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $6.75, first quality, $6.50, second do, $5.00, third do, $5.00@5.75.

MILCH COWS—$41@47, common, $19@20.

WORKING OXEN—$100, $110@135.

VEAL CALVES—$3.00@4.00.

YEARLINGS—$10@11, two years old, $13@14; three years old, $15@19 each.

HIDES—4½@5c. Tallow, 5@5½c.

CALF SKINS—8@9c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1.25@1.50, extra and selections, $3.00@$5.00.

PELTS—25c.@$1.00.

SWINE—Stores, wholesale, 4 @4 c; retail, 4½c; fat hogs, still fed, none, corn fed, none, spring pigs, 3½@5½c.

NEW YORK, SEPT. 11.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE.	
First quality, ℔ cwt.	$8.00@8.50
Ordinary quality	7.25@8.00
Common quality	6.50@7.00
Inferior quality	5.50@6.00
COWS AND CALVES.	
First quality	$45.00@50.00
Ordinary quality	40.00@45.00
Common quality	30.00@35.00
Inferior quality	22.00@28.00
VEAL CALVES.	
First quality, ℔ lb.	4½@5½c
Ordinary quality	4 @4½c
Common quality	3½@4 c
Inferior quality	3 @3½c
SHEEP AND LAMBS.	
Prime quality, ℔ head	$4.25@4.75
Ordinary quality	3.25@4.00
Common quality	2.75@3.00
Inferior quality	2.12@2.62
SWINE.	
First quality, ℔ lb.	3½@4 c
Other qualities	3½@4½c

ALBANY, SEPT. 16.—BEEVES—The receipts are very heavy, being 300 more than last week, and this fact, together with the decline in the New York market last Wednesday, forces prices down to the ruling rates two weeks ago. We think prices have receded at least ½c ℔ lb. live weight. The average quality is fair, but there are no premium bunches on the market—nothing as good as the best on sale last week. Some 500 to 600 were sent down to New York last night, and from 1,000 to 1,800 will follow to-day, mostly in first hands. The Eastern buyers will take about 1,000 head.

RECEIPTS—The following is our comparative statement of receipts at this market over the Central Railroad, estimating 19 to the car:

	This week.	Last week.	Cor. week last year.
Cattle	1,032	3,712	2,968
Sheep	3,331	2,629	4,260
Hogs	85	108	258

PRICES—But for the Eastern men, who are taking a fair proportion and many of the best, there would be no activity, most of the New Yorkers, as is their custom, when receipts are heavy, are holding off, preferring to run the chance of getting droves on commission. We quote as follows:

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	4½@ 0c	4½@4½c
Extra	4½@4½c	4½@4½c
First quality	3½@3½c	3½@4 c
Second quality	3 @3½c	3½@3½c
Third quality	2½@2½c	2½@3 c

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, SEPT. 14.—The low and medium fleeces continue in active demand chiefly for speculation, and a fair inquiry prevails for the better grades. The stock of desirable sorts is light—sales of 10,000 lbs. medium fleeces at 34c, and 10,000 do, fine washed Chilliso at 21c.

American Saxony Fleece ℔ lb	33@38
American full-blood Merino	34@36
American half and three-quarter blood Merino	30@33
Native and one-fourth Merino	28@30
Extra, Pulled	35@37
Superfine, Pulled	31@34
No 1, Pulled	26@28
Lamb's, Pulled	28@32
California, fine, unwashed	24@26
California, common do.	10@12
Peruvian, washed	28@34
Valparaiso, unwashed	11@12
South American Merino, unwashed	21@23
Do do Mestiza, do	16@20
Do do common, washed	10@13
Do do Entre Rios, do.	15@18
Do do Entre Rios, unwashed	8@ 9
Do do Cordova, washed	20@23
Cape Good Hope, unwashed	25@27
East India, washed	12@25
African, washed	16@22
Do unwashed	16@18
Smyrna, do.	17@18
Do. washed	20@26
Mexican, unwashed	10@12

BOSTON, SEPT. 14.—The transactions in wool have been quite extensive, and the market continues to sustain very full prices for all desirable grades. The sales of fleece and pulled have been 600,000 lbs, mostly fleece, at 34@37½c ℔ lb, and the transactions in Foreign comprise 1,200 bales, including about all the low clothing wools in the market, at very full and advancing prices. The low price of fine wools begins to attract attention, and the sales of this description have also been more freely made. The tendency of the market is upward.

Saxony Fleece	36@37	Pulled No. 1	25@30
Full Blood Merino	35@36	Do. No. 2	16@20
Three fourth Do.	35@36	Texas	8@40
Half do	35@36	Smyrna, washed	15@26
Common	34@35	Do. unwashed	9@17
Western mixed	20@25	Buenos Ayres	9@45
Pulled Extra	36@40	Crimea	7@17
Do Superfine	30@35	Canada	20@34

DETROIT, SEPT. 14.—The buyers mostly state that the greater portion of the wool clip of this State has been sent forward, or has passed out of the hands of the wool growers—During the week, we have heard of sales of several lots at prices ranging from 30@31½c for clip of fine wool. Good fleeces of common grade wool bring almost as much as the fine wools, the demand for army cloths being very steady, and it is likely to lead to better rates in the importation of wool for the manufacturers.

Prices remain however the same as we have heretofore quoted them:

For very ordinary coarse lots	18@20c
For common clean coarse fleeces	20@22c
For clean ¼ and ½ blood Merino and Southdown	23@25c
For ¾ to full blood Merino	26@28c
For choice large clips of fine Merino as high as	31@32c

Michigan Farmer.

Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance—THIRTY FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES, (following reading matter, leaded,) Sixty Cents a Line.

☞ Its immense circulation among the Producers and Dealers of the Free States, renders the RURAL NEW-YORKER by far the Best and Cheapest Advertising Medium of its class. This FACT should be borne in mind by all Wholesale Dealers, Manufacturers, &c., who must necessarily depend upon the People of the North for patronage.

APPLE SEEDLINGS.—I have 75,000 Apple Seedlings and $75, to exchange for Apple and Pear Trees, Delaware and Diana Grape Vines.
Address H. BLACKMAR, Newark, N. Y.

A NOTED FARM FOR SALE. The farm occupied by the subscriber for over fifty years, containing 200 acres of choice tillable land, under good cultivation, located three mile north of Lyons village, is now offered for sale. It will be sold on reasonable terms, and most of the amount can remain on mortgage. Apply on the premises, or address SILAS PATTEN,
610-4t Lyons, Wayne Co., N. Y.

ITALIAN QUEENS.—Having imported per steamer New York, a lot of genuine ITALIAN BEES, (which arrived in a remarkably good state,) I shall be able to furnish amateurs with pure genuine ITALIAN QUEENS. For price and other information, apply to C. WM ROSE, 63 Exchange Place, New York.
N. B.—This being the last and only importation this season, the public can rely on getting a perfectly pure breed. 610-4t

CRANBERRY PLANTS FOR FALL PLANTING.—The subscriber offers for sale a choice and large stock of Cranberry Plants for fall planting. Prices, for the celebrated Bell and Washington varieties, $4.00 ℔ 1,000, Cherry variety, $2.50 ℔ 1,000. A liberal discount will be made on large quantities. For information on the culture, send for a Circular. Address P. D. CHILSON,
610-4t Bellingham, Norfolk Co., Mass.

Rochester Light Carriage Factory,
No. 115 Main St., Rochester, N. Y.
I have now rented a portion of the Carriage Factory formerly occupied by Elliott & Lodewick, where I will manufacture all kinds of light Carriages and Sleighs of the lightest and improved styles. Great attention will be paid to all kinds of repairing. I will make to order any kind of Carriage wood work for any other establishment, and will sell to them lower than they can manufacture. J. HUGH McDONOUGH.
Rochester, N. Y., Sept. 14, 1861. 610-13teo

Gen. G. W. M. NUTT
Standing on the Manager's Hand.

BRILLIANT LEVEES of Gen. G. W. M. NUTT, a MAN in miniature, and by far the smallest person of his age living, (17 years old, 29 inches in height, and weighing only 25 lbs.) He will be assisted by the little Fairy Queen, (so well known to the public,) Miss S. E. BELTON, and his brother, RODNIA NUTT, (20 years of age, 3 feet 9 inches in height, and weighing 66 lbs.)
They will give Levees in
CORINTHIAN HALL, ROCHESTER, Sept. 18, 19, 20, and 21.
CONCERT HALL, BROCKPORT, Monday, Sept. 23d.
CONCERT HALL, ALBION, Tuesday, Sept. 24th.
ARCADE HALL, LOCKPORT, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 25th and 26th.
COLT'S HALL, SUSPENSION BRIDGE, Friday, Sept. 27th.
GRANT'S HALL, NIAGARA FALLS, Saturday, Sept. 28th.
☞ Afternoons at 3 o'clock. Evenings at 7 30 o'clock.
Admission—Adults, 15 cts., Children, 10 cts.

$100 OR MORE MAY BE MADE by any Local Agent, without leaving his home, this fall and winter, by selling Oporto Grape Vines. For terms to Agents, address E. WARE SYLVESTER, Lyons, N. Y.

UTICA UNION NURSERIES.
NEW FIRM! LOW WAR PRICES!
A large and select assortment of Grape Vines, Currants, Gooseberries, Blackberries, Raspberries, Strawberries, Downing's Mulberry, &c., &c. NO CHARGE FOR PACKING.
Full Descriptive Catalogue and Trade List sent to all applicants. Address HEFFRON & BEST,
Sept. 21, 1861. (610-3teo) Utica, N. Y.

HIGHLAND NURSERIES,
SYRACUSE, N. Y.
Prices lower than can be found elsewhere in the State, for the same quality.
We invite the attention of Nurserymen and Dealers to our large assortment of choice and well grown
Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs and Roses,
which we offer for sale lower than can be purchased elsewhere in this State. Our stock of APPLES, PEARS, PEACHES, PLUMS, CHERRIES, CURRANTS, GRAPES, &c., &c., is large, of fine growth, and of choice varieties.
We also offer the finest seedlings of Apples, Pear, Plum and Angers Quince to be found anywhere.
Apple grafts furnished to order.
Packing done in the best manner.
610-4t COWLES, ROBERTS & CO.

CARPETINGS!
300 PIECES THIS DAY RECEIVED!
COMPRISING EVERY VARIETY the market affords. Prices varying from 1s. to $3 the yard—making the most EXTENSIVE ASSORTMENT to be found in any house in this country, in *Styles, Colorings, Elegance of Design,* and PRICES.
We have spared no pains to make our Stock the MOST ATTRACTIVE ever offered in any one season, and we fully *anticipate a large trade.*
The time is passing when CARPETS *can be sold at the present prices.* ALL manufacturers have stopped their looms, and say they will not make another piece of goods until the prices *advance.*
Carpetings
Are made from IMPORTED WOOL, and the large demand for that kind of stock for Army cloth has *greatly increased the price.*
THE ABOVE FACTS should be borne in mind by all who are about to purchase any kind of a CARPET, and *at once make their selections.*
100 PIECES FLOOR OIL CLOTHS,
Just received, in all widths.
☞ STOVE RUGS IN OIL CLOTH. Also,
50 PIECES DRUGGETS,
In new and beautiful Colorings.
FELTINGS, DOOR MATS,
STAIR CARPETINGS, STAIR-RODS, &c.
In fact we have made extensive additions in *every department of our Stock,* and will be SOLD AT PRICES TO SUIT THE CLOSEST BUYERS. HOWE & ROGERS,
610-eotf Carpet Ware Rooms, 35 State St., Rochester, N. Y.

JOHNSTON'S BEAN HARVESTER.
One man with a horse, can harvest from five to eight acres in a day. Price $8. R. L. HOWARD,
608-4t Manufacturer, Buffalo, N. Y.

CANCER CURE.—DR. N. BABCOCK'S MEDICAL and SURGICAL OFFICE and great CANCER EMPORIUM, No. 302 Chapel St., New Haven, Conn. Cancers and Tumors of all descriptions removed without pain, and without the use of the knife. Dr. BABCOCK would inform all persons afflicted with Cancers or Tumors of any description, that by addressing a letter to him, they will be furnished with a circular of his mode of treatment, free of charge.
Dr. BABCOCK is the original Cancer Doctor of New England, and the only one who removes Cancers without pain. All others are but imitators, induced by his success to profess themselves Cancer Doctors. Plenty of references to them who have been cured can be seen at my office.
White Swellings, Hip Diseases, Birth Marks, Scrofulous and Malignant Ulcers, Diseases of the Mouth and Throat, Ulceration of the Bones, Tetter, Scald Head, and all Diseases of the Skin, permanently cured.
Orders from abroad promptly attended to.
DR. N. BABCOCK,
608-13t No. 302 Chapel St., New Haven, Conn.

"GET THE BEST."

Webster's Unabridged Dictionary,
NEW PICTORIAL EDITION.
☞ Pictorial Illustrations of Military Terms.
Webster's Dictionary excels in these, and has, among others, pictorial representations of the following:
Barbacan, Bastion, Battlement, Bar-shot, Block-house, Bombe Canoon, Carronade, Chain shot, Chevaux-de-frise, Caltrop, Limbers, Madrier, Martello Tower, Mortar, Portcullis, Ravelin, Redan, Star Forts, &c.
No other English Dictionary published in this country has a fourth part of these.
SO ALSO ITS
Definitions of Military Terms.
As, the foregoing, and Abatis, Ambulance, Ambuscade, Armistice, Banquette, Bivouac, Brevet, Caisson, Caliber, Canister-shot, Cantonment, Caponiere, Casemate, Cartel, Chain-shot, Chamade, Commissary, Commissariat, Counterscarp, Chef de battaillon, Cul de sac, Dahlgren gun, Minie rifle, &c., &c.
Sold by all Booksellers. 609-3t

TREES! TREES AT WHOLESALE.
Toledo Nurseries.
FAHNESTOCK & BAKER.
We invite the attention of Nurserymen, Dealers and Planters to our very large and exceedingly fine Stock, and the very low prices at which we offer them. We are almost exclusively in the wholesale trade, hence Nurserymen and Wholesale Dealers will find us fully prepared to meet their wants.
Our Advantages over Eastern Nurseries.
1st. By making your purchases of us, you will save $12 to $15 per 1,000 Trees in transportation, besides the ruinous delays and risks.
2d. Our TREES being grown in the West on the best of soil, are acclimated and suited to the Western trade.
3d. They are out of the ground a much shorter time, hence less liable to injury. We pack in the best manner, in boxes with damp moss.
Read our prices and order early. "First come, first served."
Apple Trees, fine, 5 to 7 feet .... $75.00 per 1,000
Do " 3 to 4½ feet .... 40.00 "
Do. Dwarf 1 year .... 110.00 "
Do. " 2 " .... 130.00 "
Pears, Standard, 2 " .... $25 ℔ 100, 230.00 "
Do. " 1 " .... 150.00 "
Do. Dwarf 1 " .... 140.00 "
Do. " extra 2 " .... $20 ℔ 100, 180.00 "
Cherries, Standard, 5 to 7 feet ......$11 ℔ 100.
Do. Dwarf, fine ......$12 ℔ 100.
Peach Trees .... 60.00 "
Currants, Black Naples, $15, Red and White Dutch, $25, other sorts very low.
Grape Vines, Raspberries, Gooseberries, Blackberries, and Strawberries, in quantity, at the lowest prices.
Evergreens, 1 to 5½ feet, at war prices.
Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Roses, and all kinds of Stocks very low. FAHNESTOCK & BAKER, Toledo, Ohio,
607-4teo Successors to A. FAHNESTOCK & SONS.

$20 ONLY.—Full Coml. College Course, Walworth's New Dep't, Lowville (N. Y.) Academy. *Write.*

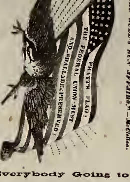
HOMES for BOYS WANTED. The New York Juvenile Asylum will indenture to Farmers and others in good standing, Boys who have been disciplined and instructed in that institution, and who can be recommended as candidates for apprenticeship.
For further information address E. WRIGHT, Supt. House of Reception, No. 71 West 13th Street, New York City.

TREES.—We offer for sale first class trees at the following prices.
Apples $30 ℔ 1,000, Standard Pears $200 ℔ 1,000; Dwarf Pears $120 ℔ 1,000, Cherries $80 ℔ 1,000. Plums $200 ℔ 1,000, Peaches $40 ℔ 1,000. Apple Seedlings $3.00 ℔ 1,000.
For particulars send for our Catalogue.
607-tf H. SOUTHWICK & SON, Dansville, Liv. Co., N. Y.

ITALIAN BEES CHEAPER THAN EVER.
PRICE OF ITALIAN QUEENS.
Fertilized by Italian Drones, with a small colony of sufficient size to insure their safe arrival to their place of destination, by Express, will be $5.00.
CLUB RATES.
If two Queens are ordered to one address..... $ 8.00
If three " " " " 10.00
If four " " " " 12.00
If six " " " " 15.00
Minister's of the Gospel supplied at $3.00, who are also entitled to the individual right of the Compound Hive, *free.*
Parties will find it to their advantage to order a Compound Hive complete, at the same time, as they will get more for less money. All communications answered if a 3 cent stamp is inclosed to pay return postage. Circulars giving full particulars will be sent, &c. K. P. KIDDER, Burlington, Vermont.

THE AUSTIN STRAWBERRY.
THIS remarkable variety, after three years' trial, has proved to be the
MOST WONDERFUL STRAWBERRY
in cultivation. It has been produced this year—16 of the berries weighing one pound. It is as productive as the WILSON, much larger, and finer flavored, the berry is a beautiful scarlet, and commands the
HIGHEST MARKET PRICE.
It continues long in bearing, and maintains its large size throughout. It was sent to New York from Watervliet up to the 20th of July—long after all other varieties had disappeared. It is without doubt the most valuable market berry in cultivation, it is much more prolific than the Triomphe de Gand, larger in size, and altogether more attractive.
The plants of the AUSTIN are now offered at greatly reduced prices—viz. $1.00 per dozen, $5.00 per hundred, and $30.00 per thousand.
Orders addressed to CHAUNCY MILLER,
Aug. 1, 1861. 607-4t Shaker Trustee, Albany, N. Y.

HEAD-QUARTERS, ROCHESTER, N. Y.


"ONE COUNTRY—ONE CONSTITUTION—ONE DESTINY!"
PRATT'S FLAG!
THE FEDERAL UNION MUST AND SHALL BE PRESERVED!
"NO MORE BULL'S RUN AFFAIRS."—McClellan.

Everybody Going to
PRATT'S
CHEAP BOOT AND SHOE STORE,
54 State St., Mansion House Block,
Third Door South of Market Street.

CHESTER COUNTY PIGS.—The undersigned is now prepared to execute orders for the fall trade, for his stock of pure Chester County Pigs. These are selected with great care and chiefly from premium stock. Reference is made to purchasers of past seasons in all sections of the Union. Price, $16 per pair not akin, boxed and delivered in Philadelphia, payment in advance.
PASCHALL MORRIS, Agricultural and Seed Warehouse,
607-tf 1120 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.

TO TREE DEALERS.—Before purchasing elsewhere, send for our *Wholesale Trade List* for the fall of 1861 and spring of 1862.
We offer a *very large* and extensive stock of Nursery articles, *well assorted,* and of the *very best quality,* at extremely low rates. O. B. MAXWELL & CO., Agents,
August 1, 1861. (606-9t) Dansville Liv. Co., N. Y.

ELECTION NOTICE.—SHERIFF'S OFFICE, COUNTY OF MONROE.
Notice is Hereby Given, pursuant to the Statutes of this State, and of the annexed notice from the Secretary of State, that the General Election will be held in this County, on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, at which election the officers named in the annexed notice will be elected. HIRAM SMITH, Sheriff.
Dated, August 1st, 1861.
STATE OF NEW YORK,
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE,
Albany, August 1, 1861.
To the Sheriff of the County of Monroe:
SIR,—Notice is hereby given, that at the General Election to be held in this State, on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:
A Secretary of State, in the place of David R. Floyd Jones.
A Comptroller in the place of Robert Denniston.
An Attorney-General, in the place of Charles G. Myers.
A State Engineer and Surveyor, in the place of Van R. Richmond.
A State Treasurer, in the place of Philip Dorsheimer.
A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Hiram Gardner, for full term.
A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Benjamin F. Bruce, who was appointed to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Samuel H. Barnes.
An Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of Josiah T. Everest.
A Judge of the Court of Appeals, in the place of George F. Comstock.
All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.
Also, a Justice of the Supreme Court, for the Seventh Judicial District, in the place of Henry Welles, whose term of office will expire on the last day of December next.
Also, a Senator, for the Twenty-eighth Senate District, comprising the County of Monroe.
COUNTY OFFICERS TO BE ELECTED.
Three Members of Assembly.
A Sheriff, in the place of Hiram Smith.
A County Clerk, in the place of Dyer D. S. Brown.
A Superintendent of the Poor, in the place of Henry H. Babcock.
Two Justices of Sessions, in the places of Alpheus S. Clark and Daniel B. DeLand.
Three Coroners, in the place of Frederick Reichenbach, Oscar F. Brown and James W. Craig.
All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next. 606-td

HICKOK'S PATENT PORTABLE
KEYSTONE CIDER AND WINE MILL.
THIS admirable machine is now ready for the fruit harvest of 1861. It is, if possible, made better than ever before, and well worthy the attention of farmers wanting such Machines.
It has no superior in the market, and is the only mill that will properly grind Grapes. Price, $40. For sale by dealers or the manufacturer. W. O. HICKOK,
604-10t Eagle Works, Harrisburg, Pa.

TREES AT LOW PRICES.
Ellwanger & Barry
RESPECTFULLY invite the attention of the public to their present immense stock, covering upwards of FIVE HUNDRED ACRES OF LAND, and embracing everything desirable in both
FRUIT and ORNAMENTAL DEPARTMENT,
Grown in the very best manner, and offered either at wholesale or retail, at greatly reduced prices.
Parties who contemplate planting should avail themselves of this opportunity, the like of which may not occur soon again.
Descriptive and Wholesale Catalogues forwarded gratis, and all information as to prices, &c., promptly given on application.
604-8teo MOUNT HOPE NURSERIES,
August 1, 1861 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

A Splendid Farm to Let for a Term of 5 YEARS.—The subscriber, having been in feeble health for several years, has now concluded to try long sea voyages, and will let about 300 acres (all tillable) of his farm for a money rent. The farm is in perfect order and one of the best in the State for either grain or grass, excellently watered, buildings first rate. As he intends sailing by 1st of October it is important that intending offerers should view it immediately.
612-tf ROBT. J. SWAN.
Rose Hill Farm, near Geneva, Ont. Co., N. Y., July 20, 1861.

COUNTRY AGENTS WANTED.—$3 a Day. Mrs. Hankins wants Agents at home or to travel for her Pictorial "FAMILY NEWSPAPER," also for her Curious New Book of FEMALE CHARACTERS IN THE CITY. For Specimens and Terms inclose red stamp to HANKINS & CO., New York. 578

AGENTS WANTED to SELL FRUIT TREES. We wish to employ a number of experienced and trustworthy men to sell trees, &c., from our Nurseries at liberal wages.
WHOLESALE DEALERS furnished with Nursery Stock of all descriptions at the *lowest wholesale rates.*
HOOKER, FARLEY & CO.,
594tf Rochester Wholesale Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

"FAMILY NEWSPAPER."—Mrs. Hankins Mammoth Pictorial is in its Sixth Volume and has 300,000 readers. Full of Engravings and Fashion Plates. Largest, nicest and best in the world for 75 cts. a year. AGENTS wanted. Ladies, Teachers, Clergymen, or Post-Masters. For Specimen Copies and Terms to Agents, inclose red stamp to
578 HANKINS & CO., New York.

WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING CO'S
IMPROVED FAMILY SEWING MACHINES
WITH NEW
Glass Cloth Presser and Hemmers,
AT REDUCED PRICES.
THE WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING CO beg to state that they have reduced the prices of their SEWING MACHINES, while they have added new and important improvements. The reduction is made in the hope that the Company will have no more legal expenses defending their patents.
Office 505 Broadway, New York.
S. W. DIBBLE, Agent,
579-tf ROCHESTER, N. Y.

"WOMEN OF NEW YORK."—Mrs Hankins' Curious New Book of Female Characters in the City, is very interesting, and strictly moral. Fancy binding, 350 Pages, 50 Engravings, 36 Portraits. Mailed free for $1. AGENTS Wanted—Ladies and Teachers. For Description of Book and Particulars of Agency, inclose red stamp to
578 HANKINS & CO., New York.

LIME.—Page's Perpetual Kiln, Patented July, 1857—Superior to any in use for Wood or Coal. 1½ cords of wood, or 1½ tons of coal to 100 bbls.—coal not mixed with stone. Address [434-tf] C. D. PAGE, Rochester, N. Y.

NOT YET.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

O! country, marvel of the earth,
  Oh, realm, to sudden greatness grown,
The age that gloried in thy birth
  Shall it behold thee overthrown?
Shall traitors lay that greatness low?
No! land of hope and blessing, No!

And we who wear thy glorious name,
  Shall we, like cravens, stand apart,
When those whom thou hast trusted aim
  The death-blow at thy generous heart?
Forth goes the battle cry; and lo!
Hosts rise in harness, shouting No!

And they who founded in our land
  The power that rules from sea to sea,
Bled they in vain, or vainly planned
  To leave their country great and free?
Their sleeping ashes from below
Send up the thrilling murmur, No!

Knit they the gentle ties which long
  These sister States were proud to wear,
And forged the kindly links so strong
  For idle hands in sport to tear?
For scornful hands aside to throw?
No! by our father's memory, No!

Our humming marts, our iron ways,
  Our wind tossed woodland mountain crest,
The hoarse Atlantic, with his bays,
  The calm, broad ocean of the West,
And Mississippi's torrent flow,
And loud Niagara answers, No!

Not yet the hour is nigh, when they
  Who, deep in Eld's dim twilight, sit—
Earth's ancient kings—shall rise and say,
  "Proud country, welcome to the pit!
So soon art thou, like us, brought low!"
No! sullen group of shadows, No!

For now behold the arm that gave
  The victory in our fathers' day,
Strong, as of old, to guard and save—
  That mighty arm which none can stay—
On clouds above, and fields below,
Writes, in men's sight, the answer, No!

The Story-Teller.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

AT THE LIGHTHOUSE.

BY S. BELL.

"LILY, do you hear the patter, patter of the rain?"

"Yes, SUE, isn't it delightful?"

"It might be, under some circumstances, but just now I'm thinking what a disappointment it will be to me if we can't go to the lighthouse this afternoon."

"Surely, I hadn't thought of that, and it's your last day here;" and the fair girl sprang up, threw open the shutters, thrust her curly head out among the big drops, and made a reconnoisance of the heavens.

Flash! Crash!

"Oh it's only a thunder-shower, and it will clear away by and by and be a splendid afternoon."

And LILY'S prediction was true. It rained in torrents all the morning, but at noon the sun looked out from the parting clouds, and by four o'clock, the time when we were to start on our excursion, it was delightful; the air was so pure, the sky so blue, the trees and grass so freshly green.

Pony was full of life, and we were soon past the willow-shaded streets of quiet Lewes, and on one of the half grass-grown roads that wind about upon the broad old beach, breathing in new life and enjoyment with the cool sea-breezes. Away, away, away we sped, winding about among low, grassy mounds, and past nameless graves of those who had been wrecked upon the coast, years ago, in a fearful storm, before the ice-breaker and breakwater had been made to guard it; past old cedars, half buried by encroaching sand, and along the base of a sand-coated hill, the only high land upon Cape Henlopen, until we came to a road leading directly up to the lighthouse which crowns its summit. Here HARRY alighted to lessen pony's load, and up, up, up we,—LILY and I,—rode through the heavy sand, until upon the hill-top, what a vision of beauty greeted my eyes!

Stretching away to the eastern sky was the broad ocean, heaving and sparkling in the sunlight, with here and there a white winged ship or steamer plowing its waves. In striking and beautiful contrast was its western shore. Following its indentations, crowded extensive dark cedar forests, with now and then a bright green velvety interval. To the north, with a graceful curve, swept the bay, and above us loomed high in air the snow-white octagonal lighthouse. How neat and inviting it looked; but it was yet two hours before sunset, and so we went down to the beach. Ah! here were real ocean waves, long, high, white-crested ones, that rushed with a daring leap upon the shore, broke into foam, and glided away.

Long I sat, rapt in wonder and delight, watching their mad frolic and listening to their din, when a voice that was ever musical to me,—such a strong yet gentle nature did it reveal, such confidence, such sympathy did its tones inspire,—startled me from my abstraction.

"SUE, I'm inclined to be jealous of these madcap waves."

"What right have you to indulge in such an uncomfortable feeling?"

"Not half as much as I wish I had."

LILY came up just then with her little hands full of the prettiest shells and pebbles she had been able to find, and dropping down by my side, gave them to me, one by one, with a comment on each, and not a prosy one, either, I judge, for I remember well how animated she looked, as she was chattering away, turning the shells this way and that, while the soft air lifted the clustering brown curls from an unusually perfect face and neck, but not one word do I remember of all that she said. My thoughts were too busy. This had been an eventful day to me, and the waves dashing at my feet were not more tumultuous than my thoughts. That morning GEORGE MORTIMER, Judge MORTIMER'S son, had paid, *he* said, "a fitting tribute to my beauty," and offered me heart and hand. His heart? how deep was it?—how rich? I had little faith in it. His hand? Would it gently lead me over the rough ways of life? I was not sure. There was silver and gold in it; but "the heart gives that which neither silver nor gold can buy," and there was but little mutual sympathy between us. So I had unhesitatingly put down the visions of wealth and ease that arose as I thought his proposal over. "Better a little with contentment than great treasure and trouble therewith."

And so I had anew and willingly devoted myself to further labor, further care, leaning for support on no earthly arm, but trusting in Him who had thus far helped me, and who I believed, if he did not see fit to grant me happiness, would give me blessedness.

And now happiness itself was beginning to flood my soul. I could interpret HARRY'S words, and the manner in which he said them, in only one sweet way, and the

"Voices sad, from far and near,
Ever singing full of fear,
Ever singing drearfully,"

changed to

"Voices sweet ——
Ever singing low and clear,
Ever singing longingly."

And a sense of rest and peace stole over my soul, such as I had never before known, and if HARRY LINTON, the kind son and brother,—for I had heard the story of his fraternal and filial devotion in days of darkness,—should ask me to go through life with him, I knew I could gladly promise.

My face always was a tell-tale one, and as LILY dropped the last shell into my lap and looked up at me, such an arch smile lit up her's, that I knew my secret was no longer all my own, and a crimson tide flushed cheek and brow. She said not a word, but silence was awkward to me now, and I said, for I must say *something*, "If you were all alone in the world, as it were, dependent on your own exertions for the comforts of life, with no one place that you could call "sweet home," and to your great surprise, a rich, proud man, should come to you and offer the little love he could spare from self, expecting undying gratitude from you—offer you not only the comforts, but the luxuries of life—would you not be foolish not to accept his proposals, because there was something, you could not tell exactly what, but something in his manner or looks that made you involuntarily shrink from him, although you had never heard a word spoken against him?"

"Foolish? *never*," said LILY, earnestly; "there are harder things in life to bear than toil—there are bitterer struggles than those for bread. Love alone shall tell me to whose hand to place mine for life; for without it my heart would ache from hunger and thirst until death, and with it I should be 'strong to do, and calm to endure,' I know. Your words have recalled to memory an old playmate, LIZZIE LANE."

"What about her?"

"She was the only child of a wealthy merchant, whose love, happiness, hope and pride centered in her. She was gentle, affectionate, intelligent and good, or she would have been spoiled by the gratification of every wish. She ripened into a winsome maiden, and if they had not loved her so well, her mates would have been jealous of the admiring looks that followed her when we met in social circles. Among those attracted by her beauty and grace was LOUIS LAPIERRE, a gay, handsome youth, whose family prided themselves upon their birth and wealth. He had no strong intellectual tastes, cared for no profession, scorned manual labor; so the business of his life was to frequent scenes of gayety and idlers' usual haunts.

"One evening when the young people met at her father's, I missed her from the parlor a long time, and went to find her, thinking perhaps a headache, from which she was unfortunately suffering, might have caused her to retire to her room awhile. But she was not there, so I went up to the attic, where a father's indulgence had fitted up a pretty little studio for her, looking out upon the sea, whose constant murmur was music to her, and its changing aspects her delight. Gently I pushed open the door, stopped, then turned away, for I saw she was all absorbed in a note she was penning, and did not notice my presence. I returned to the parlor and she soon followed. I saw by the alternate flush and pallor of her cheek, that there were disturbing forces at work in her soul; and when the next day it was reported that LOUIS had left town, and that his conduct the evening before at his hotel, on his return from the party, had been unaccountably strange, so reckless, so wild, so desperate it had been, I believed I had the key of the mystery.

"He joined the ranks of the army and went to Mexico. Two years passed by, during which Mr. LANE had suddenly died, leaving less property than people expected, for he was a whole-hearted, generous man, and while he made money fast, spent it freely, and death was far from his thoughts, as it is from yours and mine, and many a happy year he expected to live and provide for his loved wife and child.

"LIZZIE had been on a visit to friends in the city, and on her return by stage, whom should she find was to be her companion but LOUIS LAPIERRE. He had been very sick during his absence, and had leave to return home. Their old acquaintance thus renewed he determined should not be interrupted again, and at last, yielding to his importunities and her mother's advice, she promised to be his."

"Why did her mother advise it?"

"I think she was blinded by her ambition. She thought it would be a fine thing to have a LANE mated with a LAPIERRE; and pride and hope whispered to her that his lovely bride would win him from his youthful indiscretions and follies, and be envied and happy; and now, alas, 'there's none so poor to do him reverence.' He fills a drunkard's grave. Had Mr. LANE been alive, he would have interposed between her and '*her fate*,' as she called him, for he would have learned more about LOUIS than his wife could.

"Poor LIZZIE! I was one of her bridesmaids, and when on the wedding morning *some* one expressed wonder that he was so long coming, she turned and whispered to me, 'I hope he'll *never* come.'"

"LILY, it was *wicked* for her to marry a man toward whom she felt so."

"Wait until you've been tried as she was, and see how passive a thing you may become,—how little you'll care whither your life-boat drifts,—before you pronounce a harsh sentence upon her. While LOUIS was in Mexico she had become attached to a young man, then only a student of law, and with little but his own strong mind and will to rely upon in the future. On LOUIS' return and renewal of his suit, it was easy to see that he, in the mother's eyes, was the favored one. The student was too honorable to declare his love ere he had the ability to offer his chosen one a pleasant home, and too proud and sensitive to go where his presence was in the least unwelcome. So his visits ceased, and LOUIS had a clear field and a powerful ally in the mother, whose mind, poor woman, was clouded by her sorrow; and, while she doted on her child, weakly thought to make her happy by urging her to become again a child of luxury. And for the mother's sake she acquiesced in the arrangements that LOUIS and she made for their speedy marriage.

"Her wedding was more like a funeral than the joyous time it should have been, for those who loved her best knew, and so did LOUIS, for she had dealt frankly with him, that her regard for him was unimpassioned,—she 'liked him well enough,' and that was all. They were gone two or three weeks on their wedding tour, and when they came back she brought me her daguerreotype, according to promise—for the daguerrean artist had not yet come to our retired village. I burst into tears the moment I looked at it.

"'Why, LIZZIE,' said I, 'what was the matter with you? you look so sad in this.'

"'I look just as I felt,' was her only reply.

"She lived only two or three years after that. I will not say she died broken-hearted; I only know she slowly pined away, while her husband grew more and more passionate, exacting and selfish, under the influence of indulgence in stimulants; and when the dark-winged angel hovered over her sick-bed and whispered that a 'place was prepared for her in the heavenly mansions,' she smiled upon him a glad welcome, and her face was all radiant with joy as she passed through the 'valley of the shadow of death.' Music, sweet music she heard, and beautiful forms hovered about her, she said; and we could but wonder if a convoy of angels had not come to bear her to the Celestial City where 'the weary are at rest.'

"Her mother's heart was almost crushed beneath this affliction, and for awhile I feared she would die, or become distracted, so great was her grief, so *bitter*, for there was remorse mingled with it; but LIZZIE, with LOUIS' consent, had given her their babe, and the constant care he required gradually won her from her despair back to life's duties."

"And that proud student, LILY—where is he?"

"Up yonder, talking with the lighthouse keeper."

"Not your brother HARRY?"

"Yes, my darling brother HARRY. Oh, SUE, he has been tried in the furnace of affliction, and it has been to him as the refiner's fire to gold. He has had many a disappointment of one kind and another to wrestle with, and from each struggle he has become stronger and better; and it seems as though now that the Refiner had fitted him to sympathize with, pity, and comfort the sorrowing sons of men, He was putting into his hands the means of giving them substantial aid. The tide of adversity which seemed to be sweeping away every precious thing from his reach and sight, has turned to prosperity, and with a grateful heart he sees floating toward him many a good gift. He has already a competence, and a reputation for integrity, energy and eloquence, which is rapidly adding to his fortune and fame. Oh, SUE, you don't know how glad I am, for if ever a man deserved it, it is he. And if only his second love," and she lifted her full, dark eyes to mine, "says to him a little word I hope she will, why I don't know what more I need ask for him. But come, HARRY is beckoning to us, and pointing to the sun low in the West—we must see it set from the lighthouse top."

So we went up, and when the sun had disappeared and the shadows were beginning to gather in the twilight, up rose the broad full moon, driving them backward, and making for itself a golden pathway over the waves to the shore below us, that made me think of the dream of the lonely pilgrim at Bethel. Light after light flashed from the lighthouse tops around the bay and up the river, and

"One by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, forget-me-nots of the angels,"

and before I bade HARRY "good night" I had said to him the little word LILY hoped his second love would say.

* * *

A STRING OF PEARLS.

KNOWLEDGE is power, if you *know* how to use it.

EXPERIENCE of the past is the prophet of the future.

MEN overrate their talent, but underrate their influence.

THOUGHT is the wind, knowledge the sail, and mankind the vessel.

DRESS plainly—the thinnest soap-bubbles wear the gaudiest colors.

A GOOD man is kinder to his enemy than bad men are to their friends.

PRACTICE flows from principle; for as a man thinks, so he will act.

DEATH and to-morrow are never here—they are either not come or gone.

A MAN'S own good-breeding is the best security against other people's ill-manners.

HAPPINESS grows at our own firesides, and is not to be picked in the stranger's gardens.

IT would be well if we had less medicine and more care; less cant and more piety; less law and more justice.

THERE is no day born but comes like a stroke of music into the world and sings itself all the way through.

A SMILE may be bright while the heart is sad—the rainbow is beautiful in the air while beneath is the moaning of the sea.

To vex another is to teach him to vex us again—injuries awaken revenge, and even an ant can sting, and a fly trouble our patience.

PLEASING THOUGHTS.—The pleasantest things in the world are pleasant thoughts; and the greatest art in life is to have as many of them as possible.

LEARNING, it is said, may be an instrument of fraud; so may bread, if discharged from the mouth of a cannon, be an instrument of death. Each may be equally effective for evil.

LEARN in childhood, if you can, that happiness is not outside, but inside. A good heart and a clear conscience bring happiness, which no riches and no circumstances alone ever do.

As flowers never put on their best clothes for Sunday, but wear their spotless raiment and exhale their odor every day, so let your life, free from stain, ever give forth the fragrance of the love of God.

IN two places, all men are equal—the church and the graveyard. Pride, however, in the former, separates sinners into classes; in the other, places monuments over choice clay, and sods over the dust and ashes.

THERE is no virtue, the exercise of which will not impress a new fairness upon the countenance, and on gentleness and decision of just feeling there follows a grace of action, and through continuance a grace of form, which by no discipline can be taught or attained.

WHILE we are coldly discussing a man's career, sneering at his mistakes, blaming his rashness, and libeling his opinions,—that man, in his solitude, is perhaps shedding hot tears because his sacrifice is a hard one, because strength and patience are failing him to speak the difficult word, and do the difficult deed.

IN death itself there can be nothing terrible, for the act of death annihilates sensation; but there are many roads to death, and some of them justly formidable, even to the bravest; so various are the modes of going out of the world, that to be born, may have been a more painful thing than to die, and to live, may prove a more troublesome thing than either.

Wit and Humor.

WAR WIT.

A GOOD SET OF RESOLUTIONS.—A Union meeting was recently held at Owego, in this State, at which the Hon. LYMAN TREMAINE offered the following, which, as they embrace everything necessary to say—actions, not arguments, now, only being wanted—we publish in full. They were received with rapturous applause, and unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we will stand by the Union, fight for the Union, and maintain the Union, and not a grain of sand, belonging to the Union shall ever be surrendered to foes abroad or rebels at home, and the union of all Union men for the sake of the Union is the unchangeable will of all patriotic Democrats and Republicans.

Resolved, That the patriotic Republicans and Democrats of Owego are a band of brothers in this terrible crisis of the country's history, and politicians of every hue and dye are requested to dry up until the Stars and Stripes float again in security over every portion of the Union.

Resolved, That our brave soldiers who are fighting our battles must and shall be maintained, and it is the duty of those who stay at home to pay the bills, and we will pay them in spite of the sneaking whinings of traitors, and we will pay as long as they will fight, and both will fight and pay and pay and fight, until every Tory and Rebel in the land shall acknowledge there is a God in Israel, and bow down in reverence and obedience to the Flag of the Country, and acknowledge obedience to the great, indissoluble and immortal Republic.

COL. RICHARDSON AND PEACHES.—A letter from a member of the Second Regiment of Michigan, contains the following:—Soon after the regiment went into camp at their present post, near Arlington, a messenger from a rank secessionist asked of Col. Richardson that a guard be placed around a very fine peach orchard on his place. This was done, and for several days the peaches were allowed to ripen undisturbed. Happening there one day, the Colonel picked from the ground half a dozen peaches, when he was met by the owner, who in a very pompous manner said, "Pay me for those peaches, sir." "Certainly," said the Colonel; "how much shall I pay?" "Fifty cents," said the rebel. Handing him the money, the Colonel turned to the guard and said, "Now go to your camp, boys." "Hold on here," said Secesh; "Col. Richardson sent these men here." "To be sure he did," replied the Colonel, "and now he sends them back."

A MASSACHUSETTS soldier, who passed through the city of New York a few weeks since, was asked how many regiments Massachusetts would send? His reply was:—"She will send a regiment a week for six months, and if that does not do, she will come herself."

A CONFEDERATE letter writer in Missouri says that the German troops are "very unattractive in their appearance." No doubt when they are attacked they will be found terribly *repulsive*.

* * *

"I DON'T miss my church as much as you may suppose," said a lady to her minister, who called on her during her illness; "for I make Betsy sit at the window as soon as the bells begin to chime, and she tells me who are going to church and whether they have got on anything new."

* * *

A ROUGH individual, whose knowledge of classical language was not quite complete, had been sick, and recovering was told by his doctor that he might take a little animal food. "No, sir," said he. "I took your gruel easy enough, but hang me if I can go your hay and oats."

* * *

A NEPHEW of Mr. Bagges, in explaining the mysteries of a tea-kettle, describes the benefit of the application of steam to useful purposes. "For all which," remarked Mr. Bagges, "we have principally to thank—what was his name?" "Watt was his name, I believe, uncle," replied the boy.

* * *

A YOUNG man, who had been victimized by a notorious borrower, who always forgot to pay, called him one of the most *promising* men of his acquaintance.

* * *

AN Illinois paper, a short time since, said a fellow was so very dirty, that the assessors of the town in which he lived set him down as real estate.

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 14 letters.
My 11, 7, 11, 4, 3, 4, 1 was an ancient city.
My 14, 6, 3, 10, 14 was the son of a Bethlehemite.
My 11, 13, 6, 1 was a preacher of righteousness.
My 5, 7, 12 is a fruit spoken of in the Bible.
My 5, 2, 10, 8, 1 is indispensable to every Christian.
My 3, 7, 11, 4 is what Christ calls himself.
My 6, 6, 12, 12, 2, 10 is one of the books of the Bible.
My 4, 14, 4, 11 may be found in the book of Genesis.
My whole is a command of our Savior.

Abington, Pa., 1861. T. FINN.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 16 letters.
My 1, 7, 3, 9, 12, 4, 14, 10 is a rule of arithmetic.
My 5, 2, 15, 4, 16, 6 was the name of a prophet.
My 11, 2, 5 was one of the tribes of Israel.
My 6, 9, 15, 16, 15 is a kind of cloth.
My 5, 2, 13, 10 is a tropical fruit.
My whole is the name of a celebrated traveler who is still living.

Columbus, N. Y., 1861. B. A. PURDIE.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

CHARADE.

To get my first but numerate;
  My second to schoolboys give pain;
My third's a vowel found in fate;
  My fourth all farm-yards do contain;
My whole is a man that ruined Spain.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

IN a pasture, Old Dobbin was tied to a stake;
Now the question is this—how much rope did it take
To permit the old horse, by grazing all round,
To eat all the grass off an acre of ground?

Glendale, Ohio, 1861. J. M. C.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 608.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Mineola Mintwood, Alfred University, Allegany Co., N. Y.

Answer to Charade.—Pen-te-cost.

Answer to Mathematical Problem.—3014585 of an inch in thickness.

OUR FALL CAMPAIGN!

The Rural, on Trial, at only Half Price!

IN response to late requests from Agents and others, we would state that, in order to accommodate those wishing to try the RURAL NEW-YORKER for a few months—and also as a means of introducing it more generally in many localities preparatory to the commencement of a new volume—we have concluded to offer the paper from September 1st to January, or from October to January, at ONLY HALF PRICE. We will therefore send the RURAL from September 1st to January (4 months, or 17 papers,) for 33 cents—or 3 copies for $1, 6 for $2, &c. From October to January (3 months—13 papers,) at only 25 cts. per copy—or 4 copies for $1, 8 for $2, 12 for $3, &c. In each case we will send to as many different post-offices as desired. Our Canada friends will of course add American postage (at the rate of 12½ cts. for 12 months,) to the above rates.

☞ This is offering the RURAL *below* war prices, and at a rate affording us no profit. But we hope, by thus furnishing the paper at or below cost, to introduce it to thousands who will become permanent subscribers. As the times are improving, and the long evenings and period of leisure are coming on apace, we trust the agents and other friends of the RURAL will kindly aid in extending its circulation and benefits. Almost any reader so disposed, can obtain from 4 to 20 trial subscribers with comparatively little effort—thus not only benefiting individuals and community, but contributing to the future prosperity and usefulness of the paper. Friends of the RURAL and its Objects! will you not make some effort in the right direction—to further the circulation of the favorite RURAL WEEKLY, and render its *Fall Campaign* successful?

* * *

ABOUT ADVERTISING.

FACTS FOR BUSINESS MEN.

As the season for Trade is again at hand, we would remind those who wish to do Business the present Autumn and Fall, that the RURAL NEW YORKER possesses extraordinary advantages as an ADVERTISING MEDIUM, its *actual circulation* exceeding by at least 20,000 that of *any other* paper published in this State or section of the Union (out of New York city.)

In addition to its immense circulation among the best portion of the Rural Population, (more particularly in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, &c.,) it is taken by thousands of Business and Professional Men in Villages and Cities from Canada to California, and Maine to Minnesota. Hence, it is THE medium through which to reach, at once, Tens of Thousands of the most enterprising, progressive and wealthy Farmers, Horticulturists, &c., and hosts of Merchants, Mechanics, Manufacturers and Professional Men. Its pages are unquestionably the best and cheapest channel on this Continent for the Business Cards and Announcements of all who wish to address the Agricultural and Horticultural Public,—such as Dealers in Implements and Machinery, Fruit Trees, Shrubs, Plants and Flowers,—Seeds and Fertilizers,—Improved Stock, Real Estate, &c.,—as well as for leading Publishers and Booksellers, (especially of standard and practical works,) Wholesale Dealers, Manufacturers, Educational Institutions, Land, Insurance and other Companies, Agencies, &c.; and indeed for all who wish to secure *large* and *wide*, and hence *profitable* publicity. The fact that but limited space is devoted to Advertising, and that a rigid censorship is exercised over that department (our aim being to keep the WHOLE PAPER free from quackery, humbug and deception,) renders the RURAL far more valuable as a medium of making known matters of value and utility—for its announcements are generally so new and of such character as to be read and heeded by all interested.

BOOKS FOR RURALISTS.

The following works on Agriculture, Horticulture, &c., may be obtained at the Office of the RURAL NEW-YORKER. We can also furnish other books on Rural Affairs, issued by American publishers, at the usual retail prices,—and shall add new works as published. ☞ RURAL Agents entitled to premiums, and who are offered a choice of books, can select from this list.

Title	Price
American Farmer's Encyclopedia	$4 00
Allen's Am. Farm Book	1 00
Allen's Diseases of Domestic Animals	75
Allen's Rural Architecture	1 25
Allen on the Grape	1 00
Am. Architect, or Plans for Country Dwellings	6 00
American Florist's Guide	75
Barry's Fruit Garden	1 25
Blake's Farmer at Home	1 25
Boussingault's Rural Economy	1 25
Brighton Grape Culture, 2d edition	50
Brown's Bird Fancier	[illegible]
Brown's Poultry Yard	1 00
Do Field Book of Manures	1 25
Bridgeman's Gard. Ass't	1 50
Do. Florist's Guide	50
Do Kitchen Gardener's Instructor	50
Do Fruit Cult. Manual	60
Breck's Book of Flowers	1 00
Buist's Flower Garden	1 25
Do Family Kitchen Gard	75
Chemical Field Lectures	1 00
Chinese Sugar Cane and Sugar Making	25
Chorlton's Grape Grower's Guide	60
Cobbett's Am. Gardener	50
Cottage and Farm Bee-keeper	50
Cole's Am. Fruit Book	50
Do Am. Veterinarian	[illegible]
Dadd's Modern Horse Doc.	1 00
Do. Am. Cattle Doctor	1 00
Do. Anatomy and Physiology of the Horse	2 00
Do colored plates	4 [illegible]
Dana's Muck Manual	1 00
Do Prize Essay on Manures	25
Darlington's Weeds and Useful Plants	1 50
Davy's Devon Herd Book	1 00
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Norton's Elements of Agriculture	50
Olcott's Sorgho and Imphee	1 [illegible]
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The Rose Culturist	50
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Warder's Hedges and Evergreens	1 00
Waring's Elements of Agriculture	75
Weeks on Bees	25
Wilson on Flax	25
Youatt & Martin on Cattle	1 25
Youatt on the Horse	1 25
Do on Sheep	75
Do on the Hog	75

☞ Any of the above named works will be forwarded by mail, post-paid, on receipt of the price specified.

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